

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXX.—No. 769. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1911.

[PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6½d.  
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER]



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**COUNTRY LIFE**  
The Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## THE DAIRYING OUTLOOK.

EXT week the Dairy Show, which is perhaps the most popular of all the agricultural exhibitions held in England, will take place as usual in the Royal Agricultural Hall at Islington. It cannot be said that it does so under the brightest auspices. Almost on the very day on which it is opened the price of milk is to be advanced by a penny a quart throughout the country, and this points to a season in which dairy-farming has not prospered as much as usual. No doubt the character of the summer brought things to a head. It reduced the quantity of natural food in the meadows and fields and, at the same time, had the effect of causing a shrinkage in the milk yield. As other items of expense, such as feeding-stuffs, had also gone up, the dairy-farmer found himself in the position that the price of production was greatly enhanced and the quantity diminished, while at the same time he was bound by contract to go on selling at a price that was no longer remunerative. Hence came the movement which has resulted in a general increase in price. But this can have come as no surprise to those who have been studying the signs of the times. Mr. R. H. Rew, in Part I. of the Agricultural Statistics, 1910, issued in 1911, makes some weighty and valuable comments on the situation. He remarks that: "It cannot be said that, in relation to the ever-growing demand for dairy products, and especially for milk, the increase shown in the figures which represent the milk supply of the country is satisfactory. Indeed, in proportion to population, the numbers are markedly less than they were 20 years ago. In 1891 for every 1,000 of population in Great Britain there were 80 cows and heifers in milk or in calf; in 1910 there were, as nearly as can be calculated, only 67. No doubt a greater proportion of the cows and heifers are not kept solely or mainly

for dairy purposes than was the case 20 years ago, and no doubt also the attention given to the improvement of milking properties has developed a class of cattle which are much more effective as milk-producers. Nevertheless, the figures suggest that the time is approaching when the milking herd of the country may be inadequate for the milk supply of the people, unless the stock of cows is augmented from year to year as the demand increases."

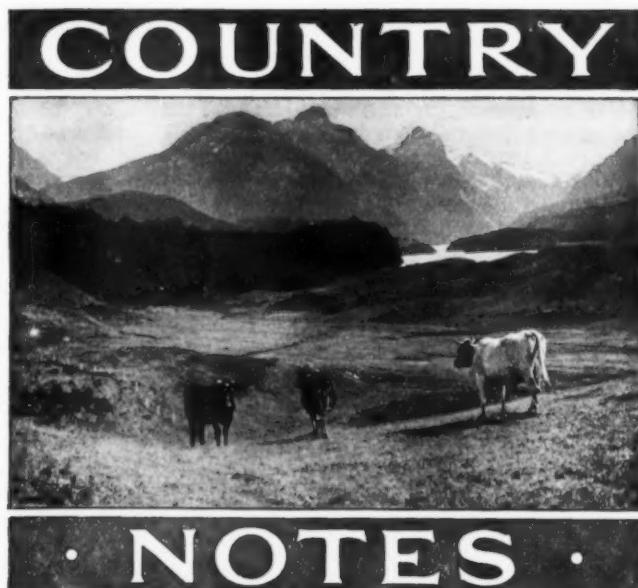
The situation thus adumbrated has been strongly developed and requires the most serious consideration. Dairy-farming has the one advantage over other kinds of agriculture that it, at present at any rate, is, practically speaking, a monopoly. The milk sent in from abroad is so trivial in quantity that it can be practically ignored. Thus up to a certain point prices can be increased without the danger of bringing in foreign competition. This is true only up to a certain limit. Farmers on the Continent have long had under consideration schemes for sending milk into England, and they have made tentative plans for doing so. The difficulty in the way is that of keeping the milk wholesome. Milk is a product which under natural conditions remains pure for, comparatively speaking, only a few hours after leaving the cow. There are two lines along which movement has been made by those who wish to prolong the time of keeping. One is in the use of preservatives and is generally condemned. The other is in the possible invention of a vessel which will keep the milk cool until it reaches the customer. It is well known that coolness is the very best help available for preservation. Thus the farmers have to look out for the possibility of bringing on themselves Continental competition. At the same time, the production at home has to be accomplished under conditions that are ever growing more stringent.

The doctor now insists, properly enough, on the elimination of impurities, and this in a general way means additional expense. If the new Bill which is said to be under the consideration of Mr. Burns should become law, it would probably involve the building of many new dairies and the improvement of others. For some time to come it is unlikely that there will be any reduction in the price of feeding-stuffs; and what a formidable item this is may be judged from the fact that linseed cake at the present moment is nearly £11 a ton, or £3 more than it used to be. On the other hand, there is a general feeling that it would be well for the community if the consumption of milk were to become much more general. It is practically certain that this food is not taken in nearly sufficient quantities by the poor either of the country or of the town. That it should be so in rural districts is very deplorable; but the fresh milk is despatched to London and other great cities and, in addition, the labourer grudges to give the price usually asked. This has been in many out-of-the-way parts as low as threepence a quart, even during the present summer, but it can scarcely be less than fourpence when the price in the towns is fivepence. A quart of milk is not a large daily allowance for a labourer's family, and yet the price of seven quarts would mean a considerable reduction of his weekly income. This is the reason why substitutes for milk, or rather different forms of condensed milk, are so popular in the cottages and in the houses of our meaner streets. Yet all medical opinion seems to be in agreement that the health of the community would be very greatly improved, and in all probability infant mortality would be greatly reduced, if it could be made practicable to supply the poor with wholesome, natural milk. How that is to be done under present conditions is a puzzle, because the dairymen are perfectly justified in their complaint that during winter it is almost impossible for them to make any profit at all at the present prices. The facts which we have quoted from Mr. Rew's report show that it is not a mere pretext on their part but a conviction on which they are acting. Were the business more profitable, we should expect to see the figures given by Mr. Rew reversed. That is to say, that if there were eighty cows in milk to every one thousand of the population in Great Britain in 1891, there ought to be at least ninety-three cows instead of sixty-seven to-day. Mr. Rew makes allowance for the greater yield of the modern cow, but, as a matter of fact, this is counterbalanced by the increase of population. The truth then remains that milk is becoming less an article of food.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Howard, whose marriage to Sir Stafford Howard, K.C.B., took place on September 21st. Lady Howard is the only daughter of the late Sir Arthur Cowell-Stepney, Bart.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



## COUNTRY NOTES

**I**T is to be feared that the year of King George's Coronation will go down to history as having been one of incessant trouble. This has been confined neither to one section of the population nor to one portion of the globe. At home we have had an outbreak of labour unrest calculated to give rise to very uneasy feelings as to the future relations between the various sections of our industrial population. The recent strike assumed more of the nature of a general uprising of labour than anything of the kind that had preceded it. It has been followed by an unreasoning outbreak of the same kind in Ireland. Abroad the scene of riot has shifted from one continent to another and from country to country. At the same time, the air has been thick with rumours and threatenings of war. On the very day when it was announced that the Morocco crisis was past, another cloud arose in Tripoli, which at the moment augurs a stern contest between Turkey and Italy.

Add to this the occurrence of the most devastating and untoward accidents that can be imagined. The most dreadful is that which has just occurred at Toulon, where the *Liberté*, a French ship of war that is to that Navy what the Dreadnought type is to us, took fire, and after a series of explosions, which caused the death of three hundred men, was eventually split in two and sunk to the bottom of the sea. The loss of human life was deplorable; but so, also, was that of capital. It is a striking commentary on the manner in which a nation's treasure is put into ships that a careful and moderate commentator says that the loss of this one vessel is enough to destroy the balance of power in the Mediterranean. If the occurrence had taken place during wartime it would have seriously crippled the Nation to which the vessel belonged. In view of such a calamity, the loss of a newly-built British airship in the very act of being launched shrinks into less importance; but it would be a great pity if the British public lost sight of the fact that this airship had been built at very great expense with the counsel and oversight of the Board of Trade, that it had been examined by Government experts and officially taken over before the catastrophe occurred. Someone has blundered with a vengeance, and careful investigation is required in order to discover whether the weakness lay in the construction of the airship or in the manner of launching it. In either case somebody is very badly to blame.

Nothing has been able to save the famous Tattershall fireplaces. They have now been taken down, packed in cases, and carried off to Tilbury for shipment to the United States. What purpose they will serve there it is no longer interesting to enquire. According to the best of our information, they were taken down in such a manner that it would be impossible to erect them in another position with more than a distant resemblance to the fireplaces as we knew them at Tattershall. The question that remains to be asked is how a repetition of this kind of thing is to be avoided. One advocates the passing of a law such as exists to prevent the exportation of works of art from Italy; but we doubt if this is practicable here. After all, England is not so rich in ruins as is Rome and its surroundings. Something is being done by the Royal Commissions appointed to investigate, catalogue and report upon the ancient monuments in Great Britain; but it is a pity that these various Commissions

do not work in a uniform manner. It would appear from their Reports that a sixpenny pamphlet is enough to set forth all the historical monuments that exist in Berwickshire, while a substantial volume, issued at the price of eleven and sixpence, is devoted to those in Hertfordshire. It has been pointed out that this not only results in inadequacy of treatment in some cases, but will also lead to inconvenience on the part of those who wish to keep these records.

Lord Burghclere, who is chairman of the Commission for England, has, in a letter to Canon Rawnsley, placed on record the suggestions of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments. They are that the power of dealing with such cases should be vested by legislation in a responsible Minister of the Crown with the assistance of an advisory committee. Lord Burghclere, while stating that the Commission has no power to interfere in cases of mutilation, points out that the diligent carrying out of their task ought to, and doubtless will, have the good effect of showing local bodies the great value of the historical remains in the neighbourhood and of stimulating the interest of owners in them. At any rate, where the Commission has scheduled the various antiquities in a county, it will be much easier to decide as to whether it is or is not advisable to take action when an object of historical importance is threatened with destruction.

Mr. Lloyd-George might advantageously give his attention to a typical case which has just been described in the pages of a contemporary in order to show how hard and unjust is the incidence of the Death Duties on small estates. In the case under notice a man left at his death £3,000 to four daughters, one of whom was an invalid. At his demise the Death Duties came to close on £100. Within a year the invalid daughter died, and Death Duties were charged again on a fourth of the estate. Now there can scarcely be two opinions in regard to the impolicy of charging Death Duties at all upon an estate of this kind. No one will say that the interest on £3,000 was more than enough to provide the barest pittance for four unmarried women. At four per cent. it represents an income at the most of £120 a year. We are told that the capital sum was saved by the father through the exercise of much self-sacrifice, and the question that a Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to ask is whether it is not good for the country that a man should be encouraged to exercise self-denial in order to make provision for those who have been dependent on him. Unless the whole of Socialism were to be swallowed and the care of those otherwise unprovided for were to devolve entirely on the State, a man should be helped and encouraged to leave behind him at his death due provision for those who have lived in dependence upon his exertions.

### ENDING.

The year grows old  
And is fain to rest:  
Build her a bed  
'Neath the stricken trees,  
Russet and gold,  
Amber and red;  
For sleep is best  
When the swallows have fled  
Over the seas,  
When the world's a-cold  
And summer has sped. ANGELA GORDON.

No great confidence will be inspired by the announcement that the Railway Commission is practically agreed as to its recommendation. This is that, in addition to the machinery already existing for settling labour disputes, a new Board should be called into existence consisting of twelve Commissioners representing in equal parts the interests of employers and employés, with Sir George Askwith as permanent chairman. Previous schemes of the same kind have been brought forward and looked equally plausible, yet failed to act in the end. In this case it will be of the utmost importance to know on what principle the Commissioners representing labour are to be chosen, because, unfortunately, the army of unskilled workers has, during recent events, shown a tendency to ignore those who were supposed to be the labour leaders. The election of men who will secure universal confidence must be a matter of the greatest difficulty. Indeed, it is not easy to see any end to these stop-gap measures except by the intervention of a court of law. This is the acknowledged and legal method in England for the settlement of grievances, and the advantage of a court of law is that it can enforce its decisions. This proposed Commission, as far as we can see at present, would have no power beyond that of declaring its opinions.

If the politicians who are at present touring in Ireland, for the purpose of studying the condition of that country, will add to their personal observation a little study of the statistics just issued for the year 1911 by the Irish Board of Agriculture, they ought to come back with enlightened views. What they have seen has been described in the daily papers: that is to say, a peasantry recovering its prosperity, and, therefore, buoyant and in good spirits; comfortable, whitewashed cottages rising where the most abominable hovels used to exist; and, generally speaking, a transformation from utter wretchedness to the condition of a thriving agricultural country. The statistics that have just been published amply bear out these impressions. During the twelve months sixty-eight thousand acres have been added to the area under cultivation. The increase in the area under flax is an advance of 44·9 on the acreage of 1908. All kinds of livestock, with the exception of sheep, which show a small decrease, have advanced in number; poultry and pigs to an astonishing degree; cattle, asses and horses in a satisfactory manner. These figures point unmistakably to a steady increase in the possessions and resources of the Irish peasantry. There is a proverb which tells us to let well alone, and it might be well worth the consideration of those who meditate a new political agitation in the Emerald Isle.

The cultivation of gourds for ornamental purposes in our gardens is, for some reason or other, seldom undertaken, yet when well grown they impart to a garden an air of distinctiveness that few other plants are capable of. For clothing pillars, arches, or pergolas during the summer and autumn months, these gourds are exceptionally useful, and when carrying a crop of their curious and varied fruits they are of more than passing interest. The diversity of colour and form to be found among them was well demonstrated at the Royal Horticultural Society's meeting on Tuesday last, when Mr. E. G. Moccatta exhibited a beautiful and comprehensive collection. Such an exhibit has never been seen in this country before, and no doubt the excessively hot weather of the past summer has been favourable to the development and colouring of the fruits. Not the least interesting feature about those exhibited on the occasion named was the similarity of many, in both form and colour, to fruits of other genera, as well as articles of everyday use. For the variety and quaint beauty of their fruits alone these gourds deserve to be more widely cultivated.

Into the legal merits of the proposed boxing match between a negro named Johnson and an Englishman named Wells there is no need to enter at the present moment. The Home Secretary, after taking the best legal advice, has interdicted the match, and in doing so he will have the sympathy of all right-minded people who may not have formed any opinion upon the legality or illegality of the contest, but who remember the disgraceful exhibition which occurred between the coloured combatant and a white man in the United States and regard the fight as an outrage on civilisation. In doing this they are not casting any slur on the manly pastime of boxing. On the contrary, those of us who believe that every boy should be taught to use his fists as firm in our opposition to this match as the greatest apostle of gentleness. For the truth is, it is not a contest in the proper sense of the term at all, but a gladiatorial display between two pugilists whose relative strength is known beforehand, and who in reality are engaging to take a certain amount of thumping from one another for the sake of a large money bribe. Whether this sort of thing be consonant with the law or not, it is extremely repugnant to common-sense and common decency, and hence the authorities will have the full moral support of the public in their endeavour to prevent the exhibition from being held.

It is always interesting to reckon up the annual results of the fishing on Loch Leven, because we have more of the data given, in the form of number of trout as estimated by the stock of last season and by recent introductions, than on any other water of the same importance. This year's results indicate how dependent the loch trout fisherman is on the weather conditions. We all know that it is almost impossible to catch trout with fly on a loch unless there be a little wind to ruffle its surface. This season during the summer there has been much fine, calm weather and much brilliant sunshine—conditions fatal to the capture of a good bag of trout of any variety and in any water, but of loch trout more especially. On the whole, the trout caught in Loch Leven this year total just about a half of those taken last season. It is true that last year's catch marked a record, but still there was no reason other than the atmospheric conditions why this year's bag should not equal or pass it. Besides the bright sun and the calm weather, we may take it that the high temperature of the water had something to do with the comparatively

poor catches, for a trout's appetite is not at its keenest when the water is too warm.

As with the fruits of most of the trees, there is, this year, quite an abnormal number of acorns. That means, for one thing, that they will be a danger to cattle that graze under the oaks, and that it will be wise to give them a good feed of hay before sending them out into the fields, so that the acorns may be regurgitated up with it and become subject to the process called chewing the cud, which will make them harmless. Another thing that this large acorn crop is likely to mean is a very large invasion of wood-pigeons coming from Continental Europe to feed on them. And the swallowing of the acorn seems to have an irritating effect on the throat membrane of the birds which conduces to a diphtheritic condition, in which numbers of them die, and those that are shot are in a wretched state and not fit for human food. There are some who will say that the wood-pigeon is never edible; but they make a great mistake. Last shooting season, just at its conclusion, we had some organised battues, under the Board of Agriculture, of the pigeons. It was a good move, but was made rather too late. Let us hope that this season the Board will be on the alert and will organise sooner.

#### CHARMOUTH.

Bow nine times to the nursing moon  
Over the leaden sea.  
Look how the little waves break and swoon  
On to the beach, and darkness soon  
Will swallow the land and me.  
Bow nine times to the nursing moon.  
  
Out of the cliffs that all the day,  
In the gracious light,  
Stood like Quakers solemn and grey,  
Trickle a slow black stream of clay  
As from an oozing wound, and Night  
Bids her Demons out to play.  
  
Bow to the nursing moon on high,  
Night and Terror are strong.  
The foam at my feet as I pass by  
Gleams like the roll of a Saracen's eye.  
Look not behind where shadows throng.  
Bow to the moon in the Godless sky.

R. F. DARWIN.

The large number of visitors that have attended the various "Highland Gatherings," as they are called, suffice to show that no strikes or rumours of strikes on the railways have deterred people from going to Scotland this year. The latest of these, the Northern Meeting at Inverness, held at the end of last week, was a great success. It is said that the number of people looking on at the games on the first day has never been equalled. The truth is that while as many English people as ever go to Scotland in the autumn, there is a much larger influx than there used to be of folk from Greater Britain, from the United States and other foreign countries. A great many Americans are beginning to take interest in the sport which Great Britain can give them, for with the exception of the duck-shooting there is nothing in all their great Continent to compare with our grouse and partridge driving. Of covert-shooting they begin to do a little. As for the games themselves, there were all the usual features of sword and reel step-dancing, pipe-playing, caber-tossing, racing, jumping and so on, as well as the lighter side of the entertainment, such as the donkey-racing; and at night there were the two balls, which no doubt were not the least important part of it all to a large number of the visitors.

There is some ground for scepticism in regard to the case of hydrophobia which is alleged to have occurred six months after the unfortunate victim was bitten by a fox that appears to have been mad. If it could be believed that the virus lay dormant for such a length of time, there was a good deal of the old practice of cauterising the wound, as this must have had the effect of destroying the virus and the affected tissue. Dr. Jennings, who has given considerable attention to the subject, recommends that a lighted fuse or a match such as smokers carry should be pushed into the place where the toothmark is. It is certainly remarkable that a fox should have had hydrophobia. It means that in all probability he was bitten by a mad dog, and if this is so, hydrophobia must have once more made its appearance in these islands, as, according to the best medical knowledge, it is conveyed only by infection. In that case it may become necessary to revive the drastic policy by which Mr. Walter Long got rid of the disease when he was Minister of Agriculture. The result proved the wisdom of his policy.

## BIRD-LIFE IN UGANDA.



SACRED IBIS AND CORMORANTS.

**R**EMARKABLE evidence of the change that has come over the methods of studying natural history is afforded by the publication of "Studies of Bird-life in Uganda," by R. A. L. van Someren and V. G. L. van Someren. The book is published by John Bale, Sons and Danielsson, London. The difference between it and other books of similar importance is that whereas the older naturalists flung most of their energies into the writing, here the pictures are the main thing and the letterpress is reduced to a minimum. The result is a portfolio rather than a book, and it is a very charming and beautiful portfolio; one that will be for many a day prized by all who join taste in art and a love of natural history. For it is evident that, although the two naturalists afford proof of having given to their subject the most careful and patient observation, they have also considered how to make a picture of each bird, with the result that they have produced a series of photographs for which there is no exact parallel. Anyone merely looking over the portfolio would obtain a wonderfully vivid idea of the country and the avi-fauna. We have, through the courtesy of the publishers, been enabled to reproduce a few of the photographs, and from them

a fair idea of the entire work may be obtained. Accompanying the photographs is a pamphlet, which consists of a very brief and still not inadequate life-history of the birds reproduced. In such brief notes sentiment or

poetry would be out of place, and the writers do not even exert much descriptive faculty. Thus, in a matter-of-fact way, we are told of the sacred ibis that "This bird is perhaps more commonly associated with thoughts of ancient Egypt, especially since the ancient Egyptians used to treat the bird with great reverence during life and embalm and mummify it when dead. As a matter of fact, at the present time at any rate, its distribution seems chiefly south of Khartoum, and it is met with in flocks of about ten to twenty in the less-frequented parts of the Victoria Nyanza." The religious associations connected with the ibis could scarcely be more summarily dealt with. The writer goes on to tell us of the ibis that "it is without doubt the most striking of the Uganda lake birds, with the exception of the rarely seen Whalebilled Stork." The native name of the bird is "ekona-masonko," which means the shell-pecker, given because the sacred ibises prey on the crabs and molluscs on the rocky islets off the Buddu Province coast. Concerning the way in



STONE PLOVER OR "BIG EYE."

which the photographs were taken, very interesting particulars are given: "One day a plan of campaign was formed, and I set off with a load of brushwood in a canoe to an islet on which grew a single wild ficus tree (just seen on the edge of the plate), whose drooping boughs formed an excellent hiding shelter when reinforced with the brushwood. Everything being ready, the writer ensconced himself beneath the tree and focussed the camera for the ridge of rocks where the birds were wont to settle. A special camera designed by the authors enables one to watch the birds on a screen the while a plate is ready in position and the shutter set; thus the focus can be altered at any moment without shifting the plate, also all focussing is effected without moving the lenses.

Everything being ready, the canoe was sent to drive the birds off the lower islets. Straight they came for the ridge—Ibis, Cormorants, Stone Curlews, Pratincoles and Wagtails—and settled down without troubling at the triple eye of the camera staring at them. Great was one's excitement, and several stereos were rapidly taken, the waves lapping against the rocks



CROWNED CRANE.

effectively drowning the click of the shutter. Then the stereo lenses were cautiously removed and a half-plate lens inserted and some more plates exposed, while the birds seemed quite unconscious of the near presence of a human being. Then one spent a most interesting and enjoyable hour watching the birds preening themselves in the sunshine."

The African chat in appearance bears no slight resemblance to his kinsman of our own moor. The resemblance is confined to his shape, however, as the male African chat has a glossy black plumage with two conspicuous white scapulas. Mr. van Someren describes his song as very like that of the blackbird at home. The breeding season of this bird is during March, with a second one in August. The favourite nesting-place is the hollow of an old and disused white anthill. The clutch consists of five eggs, round in shape and maculated with black.

The stone plover or "big-eye" will remind the English naturalist of the dotterel. It is distributed along the rocky stretches of the Victoria Nyanza shores. A very interesting account is given of the nest of this bird found by a small stream which ran into the lake. It was built in a shallow



EGYPTIAN GOOSE.

depression in the sand, and was lined with chips of driftwood and pieces of hippo dung. The eggs were marked with brown lines on an olive ground. An incident that occurred while the nest and bird were being photographed shows that the conditions under which natural history is studied in Uganda are



HADADA IBIS.

not quite the same as those that prevail in England : " While intently watching the bird, I suddenly heard a curious scraping sound behind and a feeling of weight over where my feet were buried.

Glancing cautiously around, one was disagreeably surprised to see a large crocodile crawling towards the stream beyond the nest, having evidently just come from the lake, a few yards behind the spot where I was buried. A revolver, always carried handily, made the reptile hurry and plunge into the stream, while I jumped hurriedly up and called for the canoe. Three days later when repassing the spot I saw the little chicks with their parents, and directly they flew off at our approach, the young at once crouched down to try and render themselves inconspicuous in the manner of the young Lapwing at home. I noticed also that every time one clicked the camera shutter the sitting female used to flatten herself out with her neck stretched along the ground."

The stone plover is one of the birds about which there are no native legends. This is the more curious as the fishermen see it daily. When asked " their usual answer was that their fathers had never told them, so how could they know ? " On



PIED KINGFISHER.

being asked if they had never thought of giving it a name, the answer of the natives was very characteristic : " It is not eatable, why should we trouble ? " In the course of his notes Mr. van Someren informs us that he has been collecting the native lore and legends about birds, as those about quadrupeds have already been got together. If this is so, he must have obtained material for a very interesting book, judging from the special ones that now and then find a place in these interesting notes.

The " Egyptian " goose or " Nile " goose occurs freely on the Victoria Nyanza, and its distribution extends along the river Nile to Cairo. In Uganda it was met with in great numbers on the lake islands. The interesting fact is mentioned that these birds are tree perchers, and were seen coming home to roost every evening on a huge " Mwafu " tree. The photograph which we have reproduced was taken " at a nest found on a small rocky island on the western part of the lake where these birds abounded. The nest was a shallow depression in the sand, lined with grass, bents and scanty down, and contained ten eggs, somewhat like those of the shelduck in size and colour. The eggs were highly incubated, and on returning next day I found all had hatched. A short search revealed the



YOUNG DARTERS.



LITTLE GREEN-BACKED HERON AT NEST.

proud parents swimming on the lake with the young circling around them and learning to dive."

Mr. van Someren observed this goose with close interest. He tells us that at night each of them seems to have its special roost, and "it was amusing to watch a newcomer flying and clumsily knocking off another bird which had already made itself comfortable for the night in its friend's particular spot." This is all done quietly, as the geese do not indulge in the chatter with which the majority of birds go to rest. The only note heard from them was a shrill whistle used in alarm and in

"Sir, come and eat also," but being angry he refused and said "Wa abaana" (lit., give the children), and on this both he and she were turned into the Hadadah Ibis and have ever since flown about calling for their children.

The Hadadah ibis builds a large, untidy nest of sticks placed on some low tree by the side of the swamp or of the ambatch tree which grows in the water along the shores of the lake.

At a time when there is such a fashion for cranes, a good deal of interest will be felt in the picture of the crowned crane, a very common bird in Uganda. Those who have some of the other breeds in their parks will be interested to learn that in Uganda "it is comparatively easy to rear a young Crane if it is not caught too young, as they feed readily on scraps of meat, potatoes, etc., and become exceedingly tame. The nest is built in the swamp, and consists of a platform of grass and reeds laid on a clump of dead reeds. Two eggs complete the clutch, and are of a buff ground colour marked with brown. Incubation lasts from eighteen to twenty days. The young chicks look very peculiar, being apparently all legs and neck and covered with a close down of buff colour, spotted with brown in certain places. When walking, the young hold themselves very upright, and look exceedingly quaint."

The pied kingfisher is one of many species of this bird found in Uganda. They vary in size from the small purple, one common to all the swamps, to the large-sized, spotted kingfisher "which thinks nothing of tackling and gulping down a six-inch fish at a mouthful." The kingfisher illustrated fishes somewhat in the manner of a tern. "Directly it sights its prey, the wings are folded and the bird drops vertically into the water like a stone, secures its prey and flies off to resume its hovering elsewhere. They live on the small fish which teem in these waters."

The little green-backed heron is a common lake bird on the Victoria Nyanza. It is a curious bird, usually found creeping along the branches of the ambatch trees, and yet building a nest not unlike that of the wood-pigeon. In our picture the bird is shown just walking on to its nest. The adult birds feed on the small fish and crustaceans found at the water's edge.

#### AFRICAN CHAT ON ANTHILL.

courtship. The young are long-legged and active. The canoe men were unable to capture them in a race on shore, although they had made up their mind that the nestlings would prove a toothsome delicacy at the evening meal.

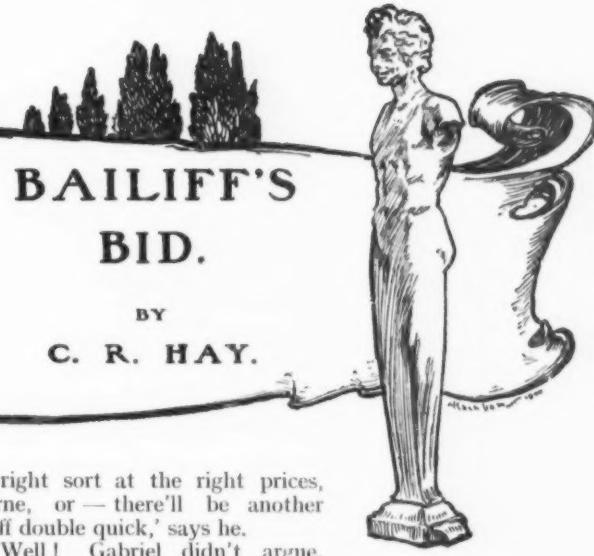
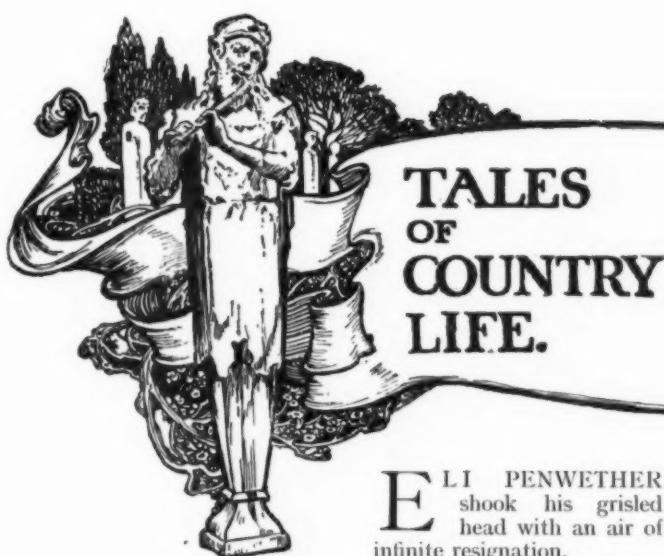
The Hadadah ibis is a bird of the Victoria Nyanza and the larger Uganda river swamps. It is called by the natives "Mpabaana," which means, literally, "Give the children." Connected with this a pretty legend is related by the author:

Once a famine came on the land and a certain woman cooked the small amount of food remaining in the house and gave it first to her children. Her husband arriving and finding most of the food finished, grew angry and refused to eat. The wife entreated him, saying,

The darter, of which we give an illustration, shares with the cormorant the distinction of being the commonest bird on the Victoria Nyanza. The darters sit on the branches of the ambatch trees, and on being disturbed drop off the branches into the water and appear to use their wings under water to propel themselves along. The photograph we show was taken far up the Kagera River near the Anglo-German boundary.

These notes will serve to give an idea, however inadequate, not only of the way in which the birds of Uganda are pictured, but of the careful and intelligent manner in which their habits are described. The accompanying pamphlet to the pictures does not make a long document, but every line of it is interesting.





**E**LI PENWETHER shook his grised head with an air of infinite resignation.

"We never knows," he

observed, "what Providence 'll be after next.

"There was Gabriel Thorne now; fifty year old he were, though his back were as straight and his beard as red as when he were thirty. Fifty year old he were when he took up wi' little Biddy Practice, and she young enough and pretty enough to be his darter. Rosy pippins she had for cheeks, and a nose what all the young fellers used to say bewitched 'em; and though she had a wonderful soft voice when she liked, still she'd a sharp little tongue to her what had said 'No' to the likeliest of 'em. I tell 'ee when Biddy said 'Yes' to big Gabriel Thorne, there were a deal o' head shakin' at this very Ring o' Bells where we're settin' now. A softy hearted chap Gabriel were, spite of his big body and his girt red beard; slow in his legs, and not so quick in his brains as some I've knowed. So we reckoned Biddy would lead he a pretty dance, and he wouldn't never call his soul his own again. 'Twill fair ruin him so it will,' said we—and that's all we knowed; I'd 'low we forgot about Providence thic time. Gabriel had been bailiff to old Mr. Need ever so long, and when the old gentleman died without children, the property come to a nevvy, Mr. Charles Need. He'd been a stockbroker in Lunnon afore that—a fattish man with a bald head and gold glasses, very shiny ones. Not that he weren't good-natured enough in a manner o' speakin', but his upbringin' were agen him, and he couldn't seem to get the hang o' Gabriel nor anythin' else as was real Darset. From the first he took a girt interest in the farm, which was a new thing to see, his uncle havin' left all the management to Gabriel. He give up his work in Lunnon and spent half his time a-pokin' his spectacles into barns and places, and thinkin' how he could run the show as a more payin' concern. Gabriel were very kind and fatherly like to him at first, him bein' so ignorant about anythin' practical, 'twere as good as a play to hear 'em.

The first time he come down after the old man died he brought some friends with him and wanted to show 'em the farm. 'Now, Thorne,' says he, 'we will go the round of inspection'—that's what he called it.

'Coom along, Maister,' says Gabriel, same as he would to a little 'un. 'Now I'll show 'ee the cavves,' says he.

'Cavves!' says Mr. Need, 'Cavves! What the Dickens be cavves?'

Gabriel pretty near broke out a-laughin' then; but, as I telled 'ee, he were a kind-hearted man and he knowed the gen'leman were brought up in Lunnon, so he just told him. 'Why! they be the yoong o' cows, Maister,' says he. 'I'd ha' thought ye'd see the like o' them even up to Lunnon.'

Oh! he were very kind and fatherly were Gabriel, but it didn't seem to improve Mr. Need's temper, for he'd let on to his friends that he were pretty well up in the farmin'.

When he'd been about a week in the place, figurin' the farm accounts and readin' a lot o' books on farmin', he sent for Gabriel one day and told him a lot o' things as surprised him about the land—him only havin' knowed it for about thirty year—and how he was goin' to start a engine to do every blessed bit o' work on the farm (and 'twould have paid, mebbe, on a place three times the size).

'Then about the ewes, Thorne,' says he. 'The flock isn't so good as I'd like. We're goin' to improve it so you won't know it, and you must get very different prices for the stock now. Seems to me you've been givin' top price when you bought, and gettin' bottom price when you sold. The dealers have been makin' a ring against you. They always do against a gen'leman and his bailiff, so I've heard. You've got to buy

the right sort at the right prices, Thorne, or—there'll be another bailiff double quick,' says he.

Well! Gabriel didn't argue.

He see it were no good. A angel couldn't have done it with Mr. Need. He could see he meant to be kind enough, and he were a fair man—but he didn't understand farmin' at all. So he just went away without a word and sat by hisself in the cowshed and scratched his head till it felt cleared a bit. When it come to buyin' they ewes, things looked very bad for Gabriel. Mr. Need come with him to every sale, and made him that nervous, he got shoutin' out his bids and seemin' so keen to get 'em and so generally flumocked that the dealers (especially Tom Higgins, what they usually called Patch) thought they see a chance to make a bit by buyin' the best and sellin' them to him arterwards; so they bid him up and did pretty much what they liked with him.

It weren't long afore Mr. Need's patience give out. 'Thorne,' says he, 'this can't go on. I like you; and I'm told you get about as much as is possible out of this poor bit o' soil—fair and just Mr. Need always were—but this 're auction business won't do,' says he. 'There's the Sloton Sale the first of August, and we've got to buy the best pedigree ram we can get. It's the last chance we'll have; we must get him at the right price too.'

'I'll do my best, Maister, same as I always done,' says Gabriel.

'Ay! but it mustn't be the same,' says he. 'There mustn't be none of that noisy biddin'. You must just wink at the auctioneer quietly, like the dealers; then no one will know we're buyin'.'

Gabriel he went home terrible upset about it all, and arter tea he went to see Biddy and told her all about it. Biddy she set very still with her elbows on the table and her pretty face between her hands, and listened all the time. When he finished she jumped up and give him a little pat on the shoulder.

'That be all right, Gabriel,' says she; 'don't 'ee look so worried, Gabriel. I don't see nuthin' so very bad. You've got to learn to wink like a dealer afore the Sloton Sale, that's all. Now, just you start winkin' right away.'

Well! Gabriel's winkin' were about as bad and as slow and as generally comical as it could be, but Biddy she never laughed. She took it quite serious, and Gabriel said she made him work so hard that he'd think haymakin' was play another year. Biddy she stood by the table and Gabriel he had to stand on the doorstep; and she auctioned the teapot and the fire-irons and all sorts, and every time she looked Gabriel's way, he had to wink to show he were biddin'. But Lor'! it weren't nuthin' like a wink at all. Just an oogly face. Bid's little brother he started cryin' dreadful when he see it, and he had to be turned out afore they could go on.

'Try a little pepper, Gabriel,' says Biddy, and he tried it. That pepper made him cry near so much as Bid's little brother, and made him swear too, but it couldn't make him wink; and when Biddy's father come in, he 'lowed Gabriel would get a affliction of his left eye with winking, and St. Vitus' dance of his head wi' noddin'.

After that Biddy gave it up, and Gabriel went home very sorry for hisself. 'It be all very well for a dealer like Patch to wink to auctioneers,' says he. 'He's used to it; besides, he's only got one eye, and it's easy for him; but I'd 'low I'd best give it up. If I must lose my place and Biddy, too, why I must lose 'em; but it's hard—terrible hard,' says Gabriel.

Next day were market, and who should be there more natural than Biddy, busy with her shoppin'. She kept a good look-out, and presently she met Patch, the dealer, walkin' along

by hisself. He stopped to talk to her about the weather and the chickens ; then she stood on tiptoe and whispered, ' I've a favour to ask 'ee, Mr. Higgins'—very mysterious.

' Favour ! ' says Patch, ' favour ! ' as if he liked the whisperin' well enough, but didn't like the taste of that partic'lar word so well as some. ' What's the favour ? '

Then she looked very troubled, most ready to cry, and told him all about Mr. Need and Gabriel, and the Sloton Sale, and how Gabriel couldn't never learn to be sly like Mr. Need wanted him, and if the dealers was to bid up Gabriel, Mr. Need would turn him off, and they couldn't never get married, and they had such a beautiful teaset and all sorts of presents promised 'em.

Well ! Patch he were a good bit took with her voice and one thing and t'other. Biddy she had a uncommon kind of a voice. If you'd listened while she talked, you'd most sure to get thinkin' about the brook a-riplin' by the bridge, and birds a-singin' up on the Downs. Just full o' laughter and cryin' and coaxingness her voice were. How old Gabriel ever come to—! But there ! I were tellin' 'ee about Patch. He didn't seem able to meet her eyes when they looked at him so timid and admirin'. Her voice seemed to be coaxin' his nature all out of him. He couldn't put his fingers in his girt ears and run for it, same as he'd like to do, for fear she'd laugh at him arterwards, so he just stood there and tried to look fierce, pullin' at his red beard, and screwin' up his mouth, and glarin' very hard out of his one eye.

' Business is business,' he growls. ' It bean't business, Miss Practice, what you'm askin' me. I 'low Gabriel Thorne be most big enough to look arter hisself same as t'others.'

' Oh ! I know he's big enough,' says Biddy, a-pouting. ' Most as big as yourself, Mr. Higgins. Fact, ye be both of 'ee fine upstandin' men, I'll not deny. Relations ye might be, to look at 'ee, as I've said times and again.'

That fetched Patch a bit, for being disfigured with his one eye, he were terrible touchy about his looks.

' Just the same coloured beards you have,' says she ; ' and to think you should be fallin' out with Gabriel, and gettin' him the sack, so we can't ever be marryin' ! '

' Marryin' bean't business,' grumbles Patch, ' and I'm a business man. Don't 'ee trust me too much when business be on,' says he.

Biddy couldn't get no more out of him, and she went home a-wonderin' whether she'd done more good or harm talkin' to him at all.

As for Gabriel, he went about with a face as long as a ladder, and couldn't seem to get the Sloton Sale out of his head. He knewed the dealers, specially Patch, would be on to him now it had got about as Mr. Need were for buyin' the best of everything for his flock ; and it wouldn't be no good for him to try winkin' quietly to the auctioneer, he'd give up all hopes of learnin' that trick ; and he knewed as Mr. Need would be watchin' him and flusterin' him, so he felt sure he'd lose his place and Biddy, too, anyway for a long time. He went on feelin' worse and worse, till the very night afore the Sloton Sale. Then I 'low from what come of it arterwards he must have been up the whole night a-thinkin', and his mother said she could hear him a-potterin' about the house at all hours. Yes, I 'low for Gabriel to ha' thought out all that must have took the whole night and not a minute left over for sleepin', Gabriel not bein' so quick as some I've knowned.

So soon as they got to Sloton on the sale day, Mr. Need and Gabriel they went round the pens and picked out the very best ram of the lot, as they judged. Prices went pretty high, for they was a rare lot of pedigree rams. The one they had chose was numbered to come up last, so they had a time to wait, and Mr. Need he went off with a friend for an hour, but afore he left Gabriel he gave him final instructions for fear he shouldn't see him again afore their ram come in the ring.

' I wouldn't lose him not for a hundred pound,' says he. ' You just go and tell Mr. Curtis there to be on the look-out for you wakin' quietly, then the dealers won't know it's you biddin', and you'll have it all your own way.'

He see Gabriel go up to Mr. Curtis, the auctioneer, at once, there bein' a little time between two lots ; and he wondered why Mr. Curtis should be havin' such a laugh over what Gabriel told him ; and he told his friend he reckoned Gabriel Thorne were makin' a mess of it as usual. ' He never could do a thing on the quiet like anyone else. I'll have to get rid of him, and that's the fact,' says he.

There was someone else Gabriel went to see arter Mr. Need was gone, and that was Patch. About ten minutes afore the last lot would be comin', he got hold of Patch and asked him to come to the Badger and have a drink.

' Summat very private I have to tell 'ee,' says Gabriel, very friendly.

' Well ! you wait a bit,' says Patch. ' There's a ram or two more to sell yet ; most of the buyers be satisfied already,

and I may buy one cheap very like. Business is business,' says he. Still, he let hisself be led off by Gabriel all the same. Gabriel he thought he were bein' terrible clever, and Patch he were thinkin' of what Biddy had asked him ; and altogether they neither of 'em knew what t'other was thinkin' of.

They had a drink, and then as time was gettin' on, Gabriel he began to try all sorts of excuses to get out in time for the last lot and leave Patch safe in front of a glass o' whisky. Patch he were half minded to stop there because Biddy had asked him so pretty, and more than half minded to toss off his second glass and have a rare bit o' fun biddin' up Gabriel, there bein' a little matter of commission between him and the ram-breeder what wasn't talked about. It were just about a puzzlin' position for both of 'em, I can tell 'ee.

It were about ten minutes arter they two had gone to the inn when Mr. Need come back to the ring with his friend, and he see the ram that he wanted so bad bein' driven in. He edges up into the crowd, and soon he hears the biddin' goin' fairly strong.

' Twenty-five guineas—twenty-six—twenty-seven—going at twenty-seven,' says the auctioneer.

Mr. Need he squinted all round through his shiny glasses to see if Gabriel were biddin' on the quiet, but he couldn't see him nowhere. He could see one or two farmers he knewed, and right opposite the auctioneer, in the middle of a big crowd, he could recognise the faces of the ordinary dealers and the usual black patch showin' up clear amongst 'em.

' Hang that scoundrel Thorne ! ' says he, in a reg'lar nasty temper. ' He's too late.' He knewed if he tried to bid hisself the dealers would run him up terrible ; howsomedever, he see it was a case of biddin' hisself or losin' the ram, so he thought he'd flatten out the lot.

' Thirty,' shouts he, gettin' very red.

' Thirty-one,' says the auctioneer.

' Thirty-five,' says he.

' Thirty-six,' says the auctioneer, quick as light.

That took him back a bit, and he bid thirty-seven and looked very quick to see who were goin' against him.

' Thirty-eight,' says the auctioneer, lookin' straight towards the dealers ; but he couldn't see a sign o' none of 'em biddin'.

' Fifty,' says he, determined to smother 'em all with one go.

' Fifty-one,' says the auctioneer, quietly, lookin' the same way as before.

That settled him. He crammed down his hat—a way he always had when he were terrible angry—and off he started, a-shovin' everybody out of his way.

' It were they dealers biddin' me up,' says he to his friend. ' If Thorne had been there biddin' on the quiet, same as I told him, this wouldn't have happened ; we'd ha' got the ram—and at a proper price, too. Shouldn't wonder if he was in the public-house all the time,' says he, vicious-like.

' Well ! ' says his friend, ' it was that dealer Patch that bid you up. I see the auctioneer point to him, laughin', too, as if he enjoyed it, after the hammer fell. That's where he's beaten you. He's only got to pass the ram on to some client up country if he can't make you buy after the sale. But he knows you mean to have the ram, and he'll get a nice profit out of you yet.'

' I'm hanged if he will ! ' shouts Mr. Need, regular furious, and not another word did he say ; but, of course, he knew the game was up. He'd just have to buy at Patch's own price, and that were all.'

Eli Penwether ceased speaking, folded his arms and closed his eyes sleepy. A bewildered silence fell on the group of listeners at the Ring of Bells. Presently the silence was broken by a hesitating voice.

" But look 'ee, Eli, I thought you said Biddy Practice were the makin' o' Gabriel Thorne. Seems to me she didn't do no good at all. Patch the dealer had one eye too many on the main chance arter all. Anyways ye didn't say whether Gabriel Thorne got sacked."

" He got married, if that's what ye want to know," chuckled Eli, suddenly opening his eyes. " Ye be so ready to interrupt a body. I were just goin' to tell 'ee how Mr. Need were turnin' away in a rage, when a man came pushin' up to him.

" Here comes Patch ! " said his friend, laughing. " I told 'ee so."

" Patch ! " shouted Mr. Need. " Patch ! What the—Dickens—!"

" Not a bit of it," roars the man. " Not a bit of it, Maister." He tore the patch off his eye, and it were Gabriel hisself. ' What do 'ee think o' that, Maister, for a bit of a disguise ? ' says he. ' I'd 'low I were one too many for the dealers thic time.'

" Why ! I took you for that feller Patch," says Mr. Need. ' What do you reckon you've been doin', Thorne ? '

" Oho ! " laughs Gabriel, as proud as a cockrel, ' I got Patch fixed up in the Badger, and told the auctioneer I were goin' to wear a patch myself now for the good of my eyesight, and

when I wanted to bid I'd shut both eyes and open 'em quick, so he'd see as fine a wink as he'd want. They dealers was nowhere. They thought it was Patch hisself—that is, if they see anything at all. Not a one of 'em bid agin me, and if it hadn't been for some stranger somewhere about here as I couldn't see, I'd have had the ram under thirty guineas. Did ye see who it were biddin', Maister?

Well! Mr. Need he laughs like a good 'un. 'Never you mind who it was, Thorne,' says he. 'You're a smarter man than I thought. We won't talk any more about tryin' another bailiff. You've scored Patch off, and that's good enough for me.'

But, as I told 'ee to start with, it were really Biddy as done it. Patch wouldn't never have stopped in the Badger when

business was doin' if it hadn't been for Biddy's coaxin' of him. Why! he grumbled for a month arterwards, and didn't seem to get it off his mind, till one day Biddy told him they was to be married next week, and she reckoned he'd given 'em the best wedd'n present of anybody.

'Wedd'n present!' stammers out Patch, wonderin' whether a man only worth ten thousand pound could afford such a expense. 'I—I hadn't thought of—'

'Oh, yes you have, Mr. Higgins!' says Miss Biddy. 'We could never have been married at all without your help. That's the present I was talkin' about. You mustn't think of givin' us another one, Mr. Higgins.'

And he didn't."

## KIRRIE.

**P**ERHAPS you don't know Kirrie! You have not lain with window open wide to the acrid scent of net and bait and sea, to the shrill morning cries of the fishwives bargaining upon the quay for the last night's catch.

You lean upon an elbow and watch them from your coign of safe advantage, bare-headed and beshawled bargainers, with skirts kilted high and arms akimbo, selecting and rejecting "trawled" and "line," packing their creels with despatch, slinging them upon their shoulders, striding with them away.

In Kirrie the fishwives come singing their wares down the streets at an earlier hour than in any other part of Scotland; they are alive in

Kirrie. The superficial observer once suggested to Tammas Souttar, the shoemaker, that Kirrie slept; he got a rare setting down for his pains, and richly he deserved it. You'd do well not to mention the superficial observer's name in Tammas Souttar's hearing; nor yet Holy Wullie's Prayer in that of Andy Macalister, I tell you.

The U.P. Kirk's Kirrie's especial pride. She's modest and hidden away behind Fisher Row, where you have to seek her out to find her. Beyond her the summits of Kirrie Hills, purple and dun, fade into the rain-grey skies. When James Macalister, seated cross-legged upon the floor, lifts his gaze from his sewing, while he seeks about him for his bobbin of thread, there rises instinctively to his lips the first lines of the hundred and twenty-first Psalm; though forty years back, if all tales be true, he was wild

enough in his youth. He is an old man now, James, and a strong pillar of the U.P., besides being tailor to Kirrie. The minister entrusts the fashioning of his Sabbath blacks to him and never finds fault with the cut, though that is open to criticism—but not in Kirrie.

Between James Macalister and his cousin Andy, gardener at the Manse, there exists a cruel feud, which arose on the day that Andy was promoted to be a deacon of the Kirk. Now Andy, though professedly a believer, had in his time had serious doubts, and these he confided to James. Many and interminable were the theological discussions they indulged in, and great was

James' chagrin that Andy remained unregenerate despite his own learned and monologous disquisitions.

"I'm feart I'm no fit for election," said Andy to James; and James could not but unwillingly agree. But his chagrin changed to mingled offence and gratification on the day that the minister suggested to Andy that he become a deacon; most unaccountably passing over James himself in thus making his choice, though seeking occasions to assure him privately that he was marked for appointment when next a vacancy should occur. "Andy'll no daur to tak' it," thought James, "wi' they doubts on him!" But Andy did. Not only that, but he who had shared with James in certain wild escapades of a vanished youth ascended to the heights and became to all outward seeming "a model" to his kind.

"I'm done wi' Andy," said



W. Reid.

"TO THE FUNERAL I'M GAUN."

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James, and kept his word.

Andy had been fifteen years a deacon and married for twenty-five when they decided at the Manse to celebrate his silver wedding. The minister suggested to Kirsty, Andy's wife, an excursion to Edinburgh at the Manse's expense, to see the sights and to sit for their "photos." But when Andy was approached on the subject it was found that he already had an engagement for that day—he proposed to attend the grand funeral of an acquaintance at

Hawick. Though the offer of an excursion to the capital had counter-attractions, these were not sufficiently potent to conquer a certain grim thrawnness mingled with self-denial inherent in his race. "Na, na," said Andy, "I was askit first to the funeral, and to the funeral I'm gaun." So to the funeral he went.

But Kirsty died not long after, and from that day to this Andy has not ceased to regret the lost opportunity of treasuring Kirsty's picture in place of Kirsty's person, uncertain still that her taking was not a special judgment upon him from on high.

They have a Burns Society at Kirrie; you may have heard of it. They make a gala night of it on Burns' Birthday. The



W. Reid.

BUSY WITH HIS "GOOSE."

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fusionless sort of body, and not of Kirrie. It was at the eleventh Burns' Birthday that James Macalister came into his own and levelled up affairs between Andy and himself. For, as if by some malignant fatality, since the election of Andy to be a deacon no further vacancy in the diaconate had occurred. This was a sore offence to James, who, by some strange alchemy of the emotions, had come to look upon Andy as the stumbling-block upon his road to officialdom. When James heard that his turn to speak to his *confrères* would fall upon The Anniversary, instead of upon an ordinary night, he determined to show them what he could do. For weeks beforehand, while he pressed seams and cut and



W. Reid.

THREE GOOD MATES.

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coaxed his cloth, his mind brooded upon the occasion, compassing in anticipation the confusion of his enemy, upon whom, borrowing from the eloquence of the Psalmist, he called for the manifestation of a wrath infinitely superior to that evidenced by the ten plagues of Holy Writ.

That was a Burns' Night, and no mistake! The Burns Society is not slow in the uptake now, nor was then. When James Macalister struck his right hand into the breast of his coat and announced that he had written a "paper," all knew that it was before his cousin Andy that he cast down the glove of "Holy Wullie's Prayer—With Comparisons." Great was the indignation that, in place of a eulogium on the poet himself, which was the correct procedure upon The Anniversary, James had taken advantage of the solemn occasion of the poet's natal day to make through him a cruel mock of Andy, not to mention the society itself.

Comparisons are odious: what more do you want? In Kirrie they asked for no more; that was after the minister had pronounced the event to be scandalous, and James and Andy a couple of randies. The minister is the law-giver in Kirrie. The following morning he asked Andy Macalister to resign from the diaconate, and Andy made no demur. "I'm black-burning ashamed," said he, "o' James Macalister." Casting the mantle of respectability to the winds, he arranged to meet James behind the high wall of the Provost's garden the same evening, each bent on administering to the other a leathering that would learn him. But the Provost's wall faces the back of the kirkyard, and James, early for the tryst, found Andy there before him, glooming at Kirsty's headstone. That took the spleen out of James; for it was not only jealousy of the diaconal honours that had brought the pair to this pass. They stood and gazed for a long time upon the headstone, an ornament and an example to Kirrie widowers, as Andy had always felt it to be. Then Andy said, "You're richt, Jamie; I ken fine I wasna' just cut out for a deacon. . . . Kirsty kent it, forbye; she thought you'd be blate at taking ma place at the kirk, gin the chance came your way. . . . But I'm thinking they'll no be making ye a deacon yet awhile, *aifter las' nicht*. . . ." Nor were they: you would do well not to slip in Kirrie. J. L. H.

*W. Reid.*

#### "LUNTIN' HIS CUTTY."

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#### NEW AQUARIUM AT ANTWERP

BELGIUM once possessed a very fine marine and freshwater aquarium at the Brussels Zoological Gardens, but it disappeared with the rest of the zoological collections in 1878. Another aquarium, of a less ambitious type, was opened six years ago in Brussels, near the entrance of the Bois de Cambre. It was at first limited to exhibits of the piscicultural establishment of Freux,

in the Ardennes, belonging to Baron Goffinet; but exotic fishes have since been added, and several of the tanks have recently been allotted to representatives of the marine fauna. Although of small size, this aquarium is most artistically arranged and well deserves a visit. It is, unfortunately, not a financial success, and it is to be feared that it will ere long meet with the fate of so many similar enterprises in this country and on the Continent.

Apart from a few cases showing preparations of the anatomy of fishes and wax models illustrating the development of various forms, the Brussels aquarium consists of a hall with large tanks in the walls at the sides, lighted from above and very tastefully fitted up with rockwork and aquatic plants, and of a room with small aquaria on tables, in which small tropical fresh-water fishes and various aquatic batrachians are exhibited.

The authorities of the Zoological Society of Antwerp have evidently derived much inspiration from this aquarium in designing the costly building which was opened to the public four months ago, and at present constitutes one of the principal attractions of their renowned gardens. At the east end of the gardens a rock-work hill, in Hagenbeck style, has been erected, the interior of which is occupied by the aquarium, surmounted by a massive white stone building intended for the reptiles, fitted up with cases and tanks, and recently opened to the public. The cost of the whole concern has been close upon £30,000, about two-thirds of which sum has been allotted to the aquarium itself. The total length of the latter is about two hundred feet. It is divided into three parts: An entrance hall, a dark central hall, occupying two-thirds of the whole, and a well-lighted pavilion. On each side of the central hall are the openings of twelve large tanks, three of which on one side are at present thrown into one. The principal source of light is above the tanks and

is invisible to the public, but the hall is not so dark as in many similar establishments, a certain amount of light coming from the end pavilion, with which it communicates by a wide door, and also from small tarnished-glass round windows at the top. The quantity of water in the tanks amounts to about seven hundred and fifty cubic feet. One side is devoted to fresh water and the other side to sea water.

In the salt-water division, selections of many kinds of Sea-anemones, Starfish, Gorgonia, Spirographis, Cucumaria, etc., made very elegant exhibits, and there was also a good variety of Crustaceans, the ways of which are always a great attraction to the public. Most of the fish of our markets were represented, some Skate, Cod and Conger being very large examples. A great rarity in aquaria is the common Herring, a most difficult fish to preserve and keep alive, as it cannot stand even a few seconds' removal from the water; twelve specimens were all that remained of sixty captured for the aquarium. The Wolf-fish,

so-called Catfish of our markets (*Anarrhicas lupus*), opening their wide mouths with formidable dentition, were particularly interesting to watch; also Lump-suckers (*Cyclopterus lumpus*), Sea-bass, Sea-perches (*Serranus cabrilla*), Wrasses (*Labrus* and *Crenilabrus*) of showy colours, with constantly-changing hues and markings, large numbers of Pipefish and Sea-horses, etc. Many of the marine animals were received from the Roscoff Laboratory, and fresh supplies, including Octopods and Cuttlefish, were expected at the time of our visit. The pavilion is devoted to the tropical fishes, most of which, from their graceful movements and brilliant, ever-varying colours, delight all visitors, and to aquatic Batrachians, such as Newts, Axolotls, *Proteus*, *Necturus*, *Siren*, *Xenopus*, etc. All these are exhibited in elegantly-constructed small aquariums with brass frames, standing on tables panelled with polished oak, concealing the pipes by which the previously heated water is pumped up from the basement. Ingenious contrivances of rockwork or imitations of tree trunks serve to conceal the openings of the pipes inside the little tanks, which contain a nice show of vigorous-looking exotic water-plants. The present collection of tropical

fishes is a very fine one, comprising the fresh-water Flying-fish (*Pantodon*), numerous species of Cichlids, Cyprinodonts and Labyrinthine fishes, a fresh-water Pipefish (*Microphis bleekeri*), *Callichthys*, *Loricaria*, *Plecostomus*, Catfish, *Electris*, etc., all obtained from German importers. There is also a good series of the extraordinary-looking fancy races of the Goldfish (Telescopes, Star-gazers, Fantails, etc.), the rarer of which fetch very high prices.

The exhibits are most carefully labelled with large printed cards, giving the scientific, French, Flemish, English and German names of every species, with an indication of its geographical distribution. Small coloured pictures are also placed under the names, as is necessary to enable the public to identify the different kinds of animals exhibited in the same tank. The aquarium is under the management of M. Michel L'hoëst, jun., son of the well-known director of the gardens. The architect is M. Thielens of Antwerp, while the construction and fitting up of the tanks and small aquariums is the work of M. Dagry of Paris, who combines the knowledge of an expert in pisciculture with the gifts of an artist. G. A. AND E. G. BOULENGER.

## THE FLYCATCHERS' HOME.

**I**N the snug hollow of an old tree stem, where a branch had been wrenched away during a winter storm, a pair of spotted flycatchers had constructed a pretty little cup-shaped nest. A variety of materials ready to beak had been adapted by the skilful little builders—soft green moss from the bank, lichens from stones and old bark, dry grass culled from parched spots, soft wool ruthlessly torn out of the fleece of passing sheep, horsehair from the rubbing-post in the pastures—a medley of substances, wonderfully woven, the whole a triumph of design, construction and adaptability. Moreover, because of its height from the ground, this castle in Arcady was absolutely secure from the unwelcome attentions of rats and weasels.

To this rural spot we wander one delightful spring day, and having set up the camera, we sit down to enjoy our surroundings for a few moments before proceeding to business. At the foot of the old tree stem meanders the river. What tales the crystal current could unfold had it the gift of speech. Not a hundred yards away is an ancient bridge, which, if not actually the same, stands, so says tradition, on the exact spot as that contested by the mighty warrior champion of Harold's army at the famous battle of 1066; and on those undulating slopes, where sleek kine now peacefully wade knee-deep in meadow-sweet, long-stemmed buttercups and campions, those rival armies camped, wearied after long forced marches, but eager to engage in that desperate encounter destined to be fought out to a finish that fateful day. The insect cadence of winged thousands buzzing ceaselessly above the surface of the water induces a spirit of slumberous reverie, and with half-closed eyelids we almost unconsciously reconstruct the approach of the opposing armies, while the camera, turned towards the nest, glares on stonily, and the unwitting birds come and go as they will. We see the mail-clad hero swing his mighty axe, cleaving the bodies of his ant-like assailants at each sweep of the terrible two-edged blade; truly his skill is marvellous. Thrilled by the spectacle of his daring, horror grips us as we discern a party of his subtle foes lying in wait directly beneath the bridge . . . See! they make ready their long spears . . . they are pushing them upwards through interstices in the footway of the bridge . . . We see that the muscles of the arms that wield them are tense and drawn, and note the cruel leader's signal: then the deadly upward plunge of spear-points, instantly followed by a

cry . . . The champion has fallen, and the air is rent by the victorious shouts of the treacherous foe. . . . Even as our hero falls our reverie is interrupted by the sudden splash of some denizen of the stream, and with a sigh of relief we come back to earth, glad to let the incident revert into the dim shadow of past centuries.

We look towards the nest. The little mother bird sits patiently upon her five pink-spotted treasures so near the point of hatching; but presently, when she has flown away to stretch her cramped body and obtain relief from the glare of the sun, that is now causing her to pant and gasp, we take a peep inside her home. Ah! there are slight cracks in the eggs, as we expected; and as we look, the gentle heaving of the encasing shells almost tempts us to assist Nature and aid those little squabs into the sunlight, but common-sense rules that Nature must take her own course; and a moment later the first poor helpless creature is slowly expanding its ugly frame as it frees itself from the chips of broken shell. A few chattering notes warn us that the mother has returned, and we glide silently away a little space, leaving her home in peace. Instantly she drops from the top of an adjacent alder, and fearlessly picks out the fragments of shell and swallows them. Click goes the camera, and we have secured a photograph of her as she turns the remaining eggs previous to sitting down on them once again to the duties of incubation.

Her mate now flies across the scene to a neighbouring tree, carrying in his beak a gigantic May-fly, the while uttering a "chikking" call-note, to which his spouse responds. Presently he gains courage, and down he glides to the edge of the nest, where he presses the juicy morsel into the readily-opened beak of his loving partner; meanwhile, the glassy surface of the river mirrors the charming pose and symmetrical beauty of this attentive husband, whose prettily-spotted breast and clear-cut outline are faithfully reproduced here, the whole scene forming a charming picture of domestic felicity.

A flick of the wings and he is off again, dancing through the air, a delightful, sprightly, miniature aviator, master of the arts of gliding, rising, hovering and alighting—a marvellous midget, whose precision in the capture of the swiftest insects on the wing is the most accurate and certain thing in avian life. Like a butterfly, he hovers one moment poised above a green-hued dragon-fly, the next he has darted upon his prey, curved upwards again, and almost before the brain has grasped what has happened the spotted flycatcher is perched on his usual vantage-point,



S. H. Smith.

A FAMILY GROUP.

Copyright.

Surveying a clear course to the partner of his joys and sorrows, when—flick!—like a falling leaf he alights once more at the nest—the tribute is offered, accepted, and lo! in a moment he has flirted off again, a wind-blown scrap of life whose every action is the poetry of motion, and instinct with lightness and grace.

Some weeks later, when the young birds were receiving their first lessons in the art of aviation, we had the pleasure of securing further pictures—this time portraits of the family. We preferred to take them as naturally as possible, and focussed the camera upon an old forked branch to which the fluffy, speckled little things were clinging, “afraid to launch away.” They cared not a jot for the glassy eye of the camera that stared so boldly at them, and they gazed about with evident interest at all the new sights spread out around them. It was such a big, big world, after the narrow, cramped quarters of their “castle in the tree,” through whose open roof only a wide expanse of blue ether was visible—an unbroken monotony never varied except by the passing of the noisy crow-birds, or when darkened by the entrance of father or mother carrying the ever-welcome supply of food. They shook themselves and fluffed their feathers in the genial sunshine, at short intervals one or the other fluttering its wings, the while the mother bird flickered around, first on this side, then on that, uttering incessantly her pretty, cheeping note of encouragement to her offspring to arouse



S. H. Smith. *PICKING OUT THE FRAGMENTS OF SHELL.* Copyright.

themselves, launch boldly off the branch, and follow whither she led in wanton, joyous evolutions of flight. At every fresh effort of the little ones the anxious mother's heart prompted a hasty return to closer companionship, such visits never failing to be accompanied by the distribution of a juicy caterpillar or plump insect. Then up, up, up she would soar in a lifting flight, diving first to right, then to left, snatching a gnat here and a gnat there, or with arrowy flight go clean away, leaving her hapless young at our mercy. But lo! in a moment she was back again, fearlessly alighting on the top of the camera, then dropping forward with her burden of food; and as the slight click of the shutter told of another successful snap-shot she flirted off again, disturbed even by so gentle a sound. Sometimes the rustle of the string alone that worked the shutter was sufficient to alarm her, and so quickly did she skim away into safety that by the time the shutter closed, working at the rate of one-hundredth of a second, the plate would show but a slight blur at one corner—a flickering wing all that was left in the field of the lens in that fraction of a second's movement.

As the evening shadows fall, both the parent birds fuss about, gathering together their little flock. With infinite trouble they try to persuade each youngster to flutter back to the nest; but, like most young folk, one and all prefer to take their own way in the matter, and as we prepare to leave the family are still scattered promiscuously about the alders that



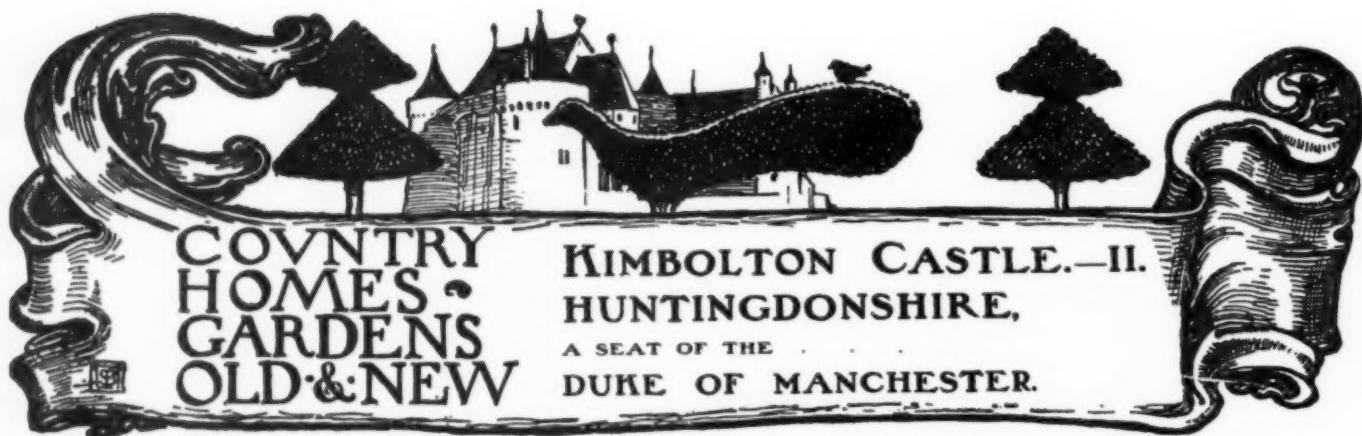
S. H. Smith. “THE CASTLE IN THE TREE.” Copyright.

overhang the river, each cheeping a protest at the prospect of having to spend the night clinging to the branch of a tree, yet unwilling to make the effort that would take it back to the nest. And as we turn away, a little splash and flutter denote where one poor little bird has tumbled into the shadowy water; the others take no note of the gap in the family circle; a passing moorhen swims placidly by the struggling form and the musical cadence of the insect world swells joyously upon the air. There is no sympathy in Nature; the unfortunate perish, and, like the little flycatcher, pass into the shadows beyond, unregretted and unsung.

SYDNEY H. SMITH.



S. H. Smith. THE MOTHER. Copyright.



**J**OHN VANBRUGH, soldier and playwright, a clever, many-sided man, was much in vogue in London society during the last decade of the seventeenth century, when, besides being held an authority on the drama and on music, his opinions on architecture began to attract attention, and the Earl of Carlisle set him to make preliminary designs for the rebuilding of Castle Howard. It was probably a mutual interest in the opera that first brought the Manchesters and Vanbrugh together. But evidently the friendship was close, and Earl Charles was one of those who from the first was asked his opinion on the Castle Howard plans. This must have been in the early days of 1699, after the Earl had been on his first mission to Venice and before he left England again as Ambassador at the Court of Louis XIV. While he was abroad, Vanbrugh was one of his most gossiping correspondents, and in a letter he wrote in December, 1699, he not only gave London news, but spoke of his having been at Castle Howard during the summer and of having visited other great houses in the North—for instance, Chatsworth, where Talman was busy rebuilding for the Duke of Devonshire. The Duke had been shown the Castle Howard plans, which he had "absolutely approved." Many other critics had seen them during the autumn, no objection had been raised, and, says their author, "the model is preparing in wood, which when done is to travel to Kensington, where

the King's thoughts upon 't are to be had." This making of a model of an important building was by no means unusual then, and is now being much revived. Vanbrugh adds that the stone was already being raised and that the foundations would be laid in the spring. It would seem, however, that a delay afterwards occurred, for the Castle Howard building accounts do not begin till 1701.

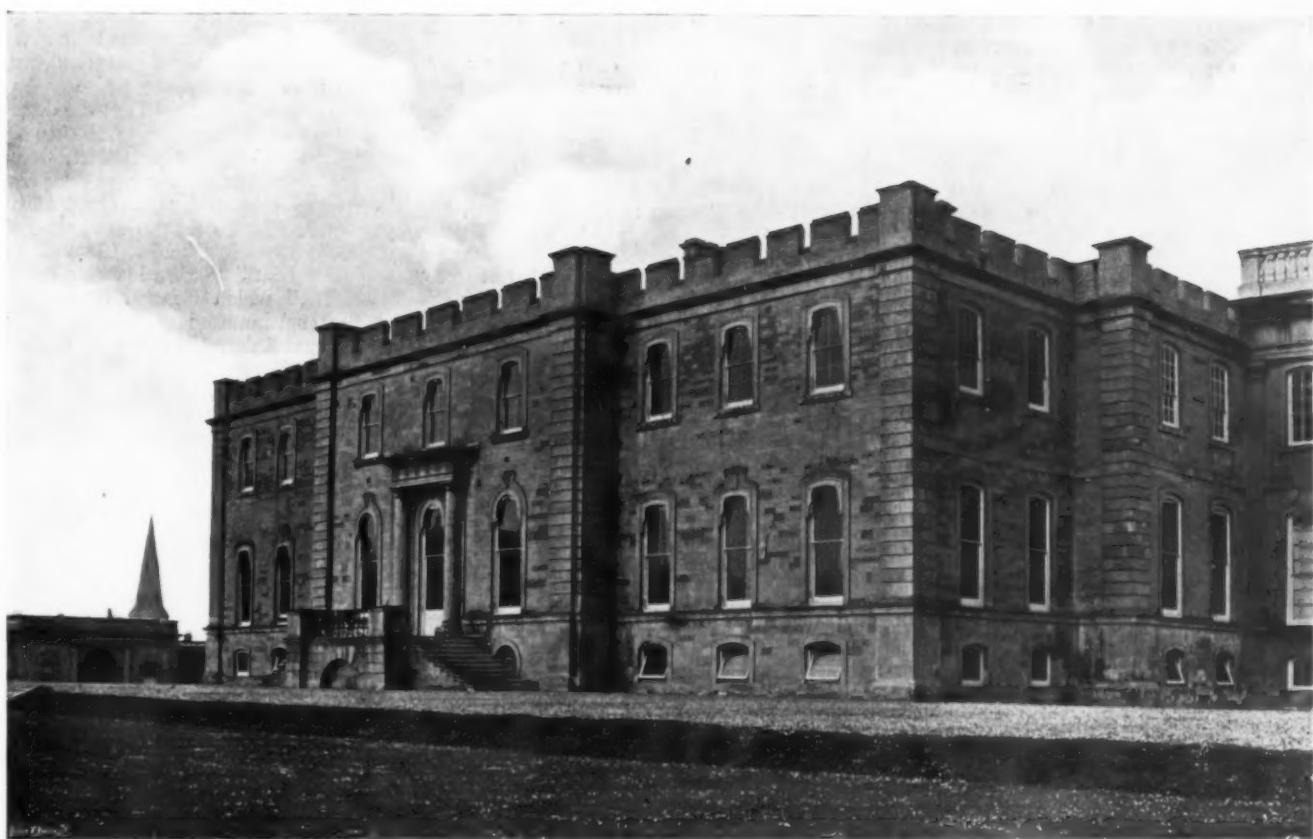
Earl Charles' first work at Kimbolton—that is, the new-building and refacing in the quadrangle and the redecoration of the great hall that were described last week—had no doubt been completed at an earlier date and without consultation with Vanbrugh. But in 1707, after the Earl had started on his second mission to Venice, part of the old house that abutted on the south end of the hall and formed the eastern portion of the south front appears to have collapsed. Something had to be done at once, and plans were got out by one Coleman, a name which has not survived in our architectural annals. It is the Countess who must have gone to him in the absence of her Lord, and under such circumstances she would be likely to go to the man who had already been concerned in such work at Kimbolton. Nothing then is more likely than that it was this Coleman who had effected the alterations in the quadrangle. The Countess, however, had no great confidence in him, and therefore also appealed for advice to Vanbrugh, whose reputation



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THE GATES ON THE ST. NEOTS ROAD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SOUTH FAÇADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE GREAT EAST PORTICO.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was then established, Castle Howard being well in progress and Blenheim begun. So in July, 1707, Vanbrugh travels down to Kimbolton, and soon afterwards sends a report on the whole matter to Earl Charles. Coleman had evidently been afraid of doing too much, and had so far respected the original arrangement of rooms along the south front as to leave his design unsymmetrical, for he had not brought the door on this side of the house into the middle. This, Vanbrugh would not for a moment permit, and he was certainly right. At that time there lay a large extent of formal gardening with a central canal in front of the south side, and it was important to get house and garden into one scheme—a well-marked central doorway and a flight of steps linable with the canal. So Vanbrugh, in his grand manner, determined that in the middle of this front he must build "a large noble room of parade," and although we notice from the correspondence that Earl Charles did not want it, and considered that one great room, namely, the existing hall, was enough for the house and sufficient for his not enormous purse, Vanbrugh had his way, and an illustration of the room he built, as well as a detail of his mantel-piece, are among the accompanying illustrations.

A series of letters written by the architect in England to his client at Venice is printed in the second volume of "Court and Society," and sheds much light not only on the rebuilding

August Vanbrugh goes down, finds the new walls six or seven feet high, and declares with delightful self-satisfaction, "I liked mighty well what was done, and Coleman owned he began to discover a gusto in it that he had no notion of before. I shall be much deceived if people do not see a manly beauty in it when it is up, that they did not conceive could be produced out of such rough materials; but it is certainly the figure and proportions that make the most pleasing fabric, and not the delicacy of the ornaments, a proof of which I am in great hopes to show your Lordship at Kimbolton." The point was that, to save expense, the stone of the old fabric was being used over again. This, and the need of economy combined with the traditions of the place and the appearance of the other sides of the house which it was not then intended to alter, had made Vanbrugh decide that it was "absolutely best" to give his new building "something of the Castle air," which clearly, to his mind, meant walls unadorned and surmounted with the thin and unconvincing battlementing that takes the place of the usual classic parapet. But he was a little nervous about this, and wrote to Earl Charles that Hugh May had followed the same course at Windsor thirty years before, and that it had been "universally approved." "So I hope your Lordship will not be discouraged if any Italian you may show it to, should find fault that it is not Roman: for to have built a front with



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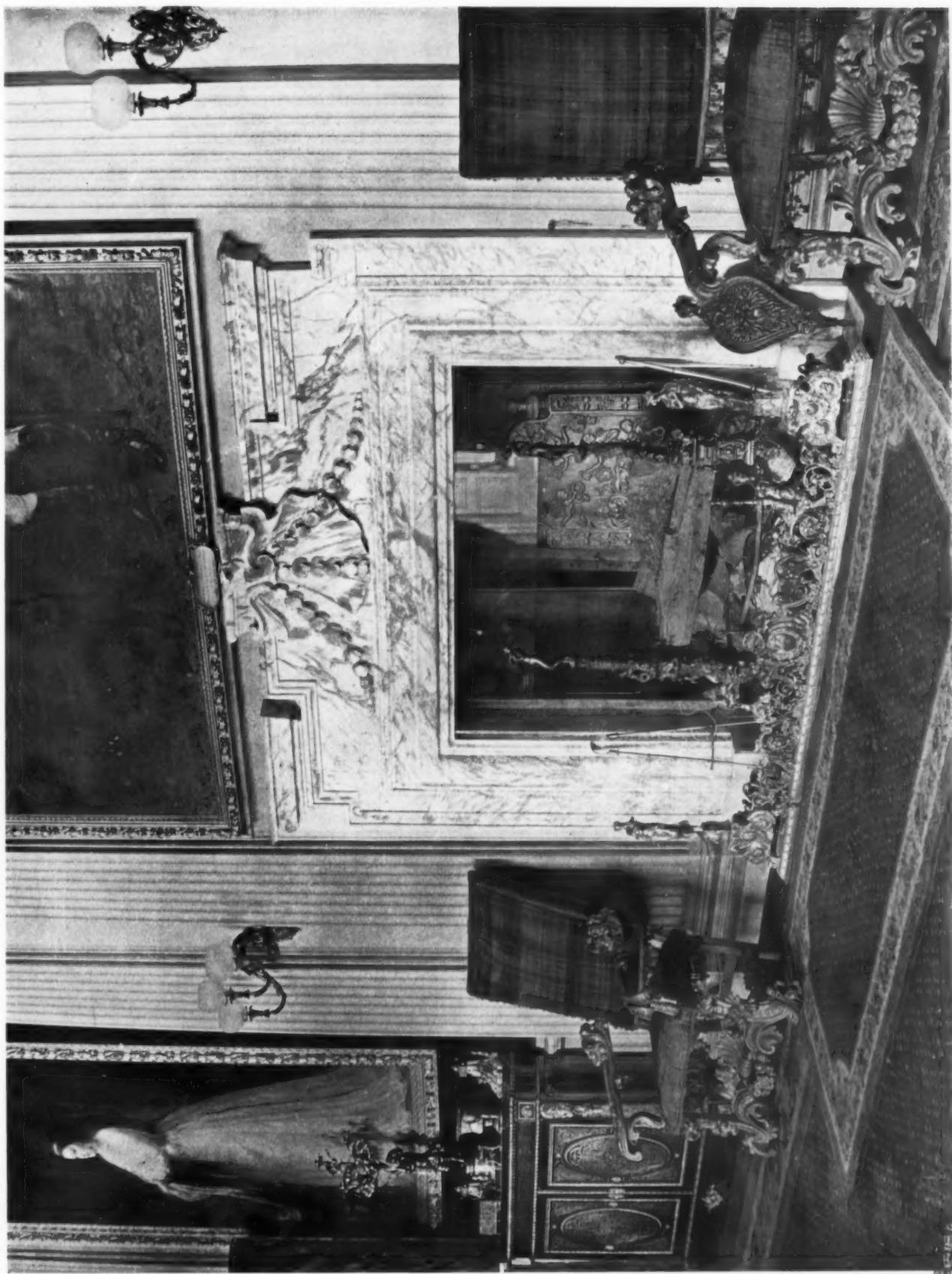
THE GATE HOUSE, BY ROBERT ADAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Kimbolton, but on Vanbrugh's position and methods. He was a society man, he was running an opera house in London, he had various outlets for his energy and talents besides the numerous architectural works committed to his care or on which his opinion was asked. Coleman was, therefore, continued as sub-architect or superior clerk of the works, and he fulfilled that position so well that Vanbrugh gets more and more delighted with him and declares that "if we had such a man at Blenheim he would save a thousand pounds a year." Does not this help us to understand the position of William Wakefield, of whom Francis Drake in his "Eboracum" says that his "great skill in architecture will always be commended as long as the houses of Duncombe Park and Gilling Castle shall stand"? The remodelling of Gilling Castle and the building not only of Duncombe, but of Beningborough, are attributed to Vanbrugh. All three are in the neighbourhood of Castle Howard, where, from the year 1699, he was for long a constant visitor as chief architect of that great house. Lord Carlisle would have introduced him to his neighbours, and they may well have asked him, if not to make designs for their houses, at least to overlook and alter those of the local architect, who would be in constant attendance on the buildings committed to his charge, as Coleman was at Kimbolton. There, work was begun early in the summer of 1707, and in

pilasters and what the orders require, could never have been done with the rest of the Castle." The rest of the castle meanwhile remained fit for occupation, and the Countess and her children were frequently there.

Both building and fighting were operations which in those days were pretty much stopped by the winter. But in the following March Vanbrugh goes down again to "settle everything to be done in the summer." The previous autumn had not been wasted, and he found the building much advanced since his August visit. The new rooms "are almost up to the ceiling, and will be perfectly as one would wish them, and big enough of all conscience. The first of 'em, which is in the place of the old drawing-room, is rather bigger than the bow-windowed one, and the saloon beyond it is almost as big as the hall, and looks mighty pleasantly up the middle of the garden and canal, which is now brimful of water and looks mighty well. The respective hedges will be in great perfection this year, and the fruit trees are now strong enough to produce in abundance." In August, 1708, he is again down, and finds "the east end is up to the battlements, and the west end is not much behind it; the timbers of the roof are raised upon 'em both." Earl Charles, however, was then on his way home, the correspondence ceases, and we have no details of when the south front was finished or when Vanbrugh persuaded the Earl to rebuild the other



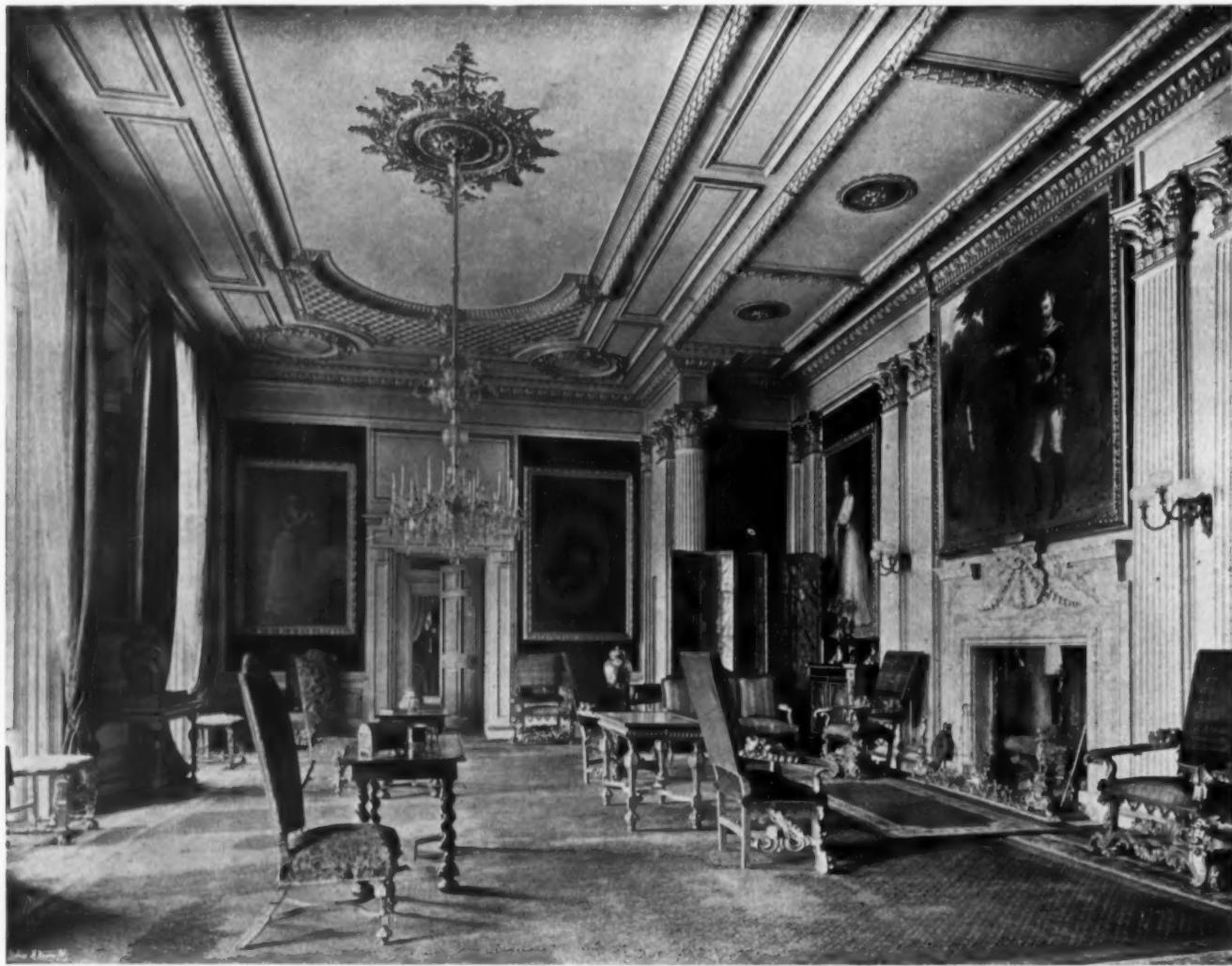
"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE SALOON MANTEL-PIECE.

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sides in like fashion, and perhaps also add the decidedly more "Roman" portico which stands forth from the facia of the white hall, and has a noble segmental stairway down to the terrace. It has all the bigness that Vanbrugh loved, and is even more serious than his usual designs, for the Doric order is alone permitted. There is no doubt that Vanbrugh had from the first intended to persuade his client to bring the other elevations into harmony with the new south front, for while he was engaged on this and wrote in its praise to the Ambassador, he added, "I apprehend but one thing from the whole, which is that your Lordship will two or three years hence find yourself under a violent temptation to take down and rebuild (suitable to this new front) all the outside walls round the Castle." The expectation was certainly realised, but whether as early as the architect anticipated does not appear. Very likely it was so, as a period of leisure was at hand for Earl Charles, who was out of office and lived in considerable retirement during the Tory Administration that closed Queen Anne's reign. He was thus one of the Whigs who looked for some reward from the Hanoverian dynasty, and George I. made him

portrait of the first Earl in armour, framed, no doubt, in one of the "large frames" of the 1687 inventory. It was carefully designed for its purpose, its elaborate openwork being set with coats of arms and groups of weapons. Here, too, is a Charles I. by the same hand. For the rest, the red damask walls are hung with pictures which Earl Charles collected or had painted for him when on mission to Venice. They are mostly excellent copies of well-known masterpieces of that school. Next we reach the green drawing-room, which faces south, and here we find one of the few renewals that it has been thought necessary to effect at Kimbolton. The damask on its walls being in tatters, it was copied in Italy and the walls rehung. It was from Italy, no doubt, that the original damask came, together with much other material forming hangings and furniture coverings at Kimbolton. Indeed, it was not for himself only that the Ambassador obtained such while on his second mission to Venice, for in a letter which Duchess Sarah of Marlborough addressed to him from Windsor Castle on August 1st, 1708, we read: "You have had the goodness to give yourself more trouble in my small affairs than I thought it possible for a man



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THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a Bedchamber Lord in 1714 and set the strawberry leaves on his brow five years later.

Since that day seven Dukes have come and gone, but Kimbolton remains very much the same as the first of the series—whom we have hitherto called Earl Charles—and Sir John Vanbrugh left it. The old haphazard and irregular plan of the house which Queen Catherine occupied and the first Earl of Manchester had modified then gave way to a set of symmetrical elevations, and to a suite of great reception-rooms occupying the east and south sides and opening into each other. The white hall was permitted to retain its original shape and its William III. decorations. But the great portico was set against its east wall, so that that section of the outer elevation might be brought into line with the rest. The double doors at the north end of the white hall illustrated last week open into the great dining-room, over the mantel-piece of which a full-length portrait of Oliver Cromwell reminds us that he and the second Earl fought side by side in the early days of the Civil War. We pass through a similar doorway at the south end of the white hall to enter the red drawing-room. Here is Van Dyck's

to do, and are more particular and exact than ever I met with anybody in my life. I wish I may have an opportunity of returning the favours I have received from you; for indeed I have a very good will to do so, but for my ability I can't very much. I desire your Lordship will be pleased to give directions for to have made the quantity of damasks and velvets that I have put down, in English measure—of the green damask, 1,300 yards; yellow damask, 600 yards; crimson damask, 600 yards; scarlet plain velvet, 200 yards; plain blue velvet, 200 yards; scarlet damask, the same colour as the velvet, 100 yards; scarlet satin, 200 yards; blue satin, same colour as the velvet, 100 yards; blue damask, same colour as the velvet, 200 yards." These quantities help one to realise the vast size of Blenheim, which Vanbrugh then had in hand, as well as his more modest job at Kimbolton.

The walls of the green drawing-room are mainly hung with family pictures, notably that of the fourth Duke's wife by Reynolds. But we also find here some delightful and interesting historical portraits by Holbein—little panels about nine and a-half inches by twelve inches—as to which we read in



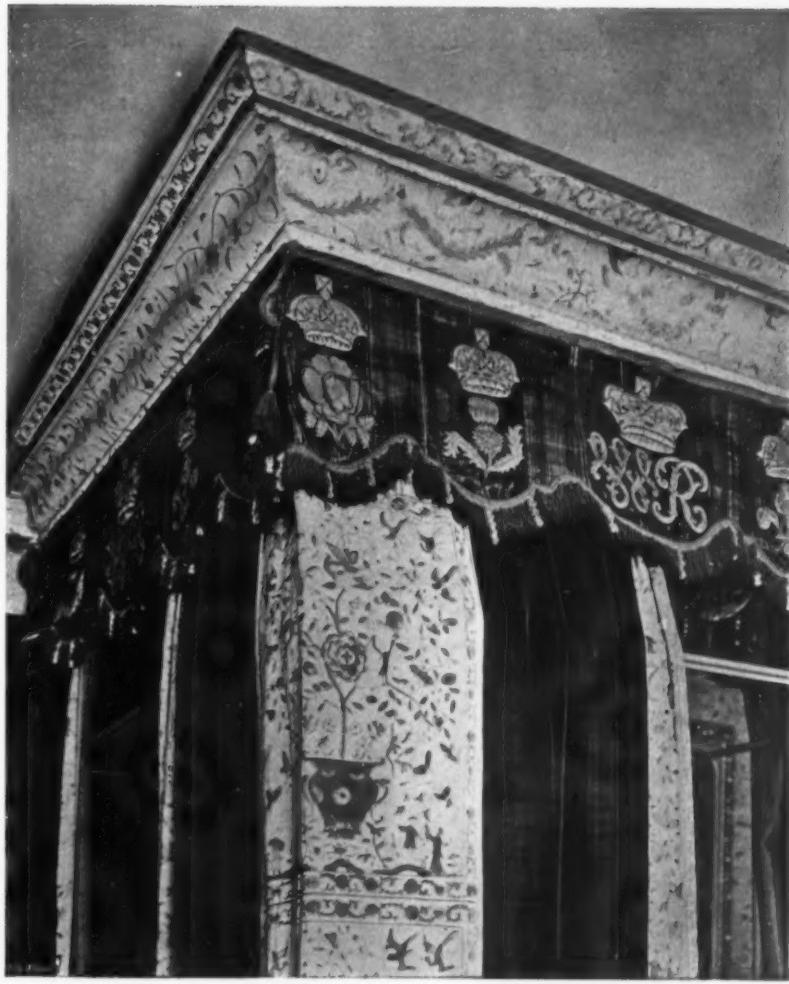
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KING WILLIAM'S BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"Court and Society," "this collection of Queen Catherine's kinsmen and associates has been at Kimbolton time out of mind." To her they probably belonged, and are the only remaining visible traces of her stay.

From the green drawing-room we pass into the saloon, of which we read so much in Vanbrugh's letters. Here we find his favourite scheme of fluted Corinthian pilasters and columns. The latter jut forward from the east and west ends, dividing the ceiling scheme into two—an arrangement which was probably necessitated by the fact that the saloon is deeper than Vanbrugh's new south building, and that its northern portion was taken out of an old but retained part. In the centre of this side is a very adequate and satisfying mantel-piece—big and bold in Vanbrugh's manner, but without the coarseness and eccentricity to which he was occasionally liable. It is of white grey-veined marble, and is nine feet wide and over seven feet high.



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DETAIL OF KING WILLIAM'S BED.

"C.L."

It depends almost entirely upon its form and mouldings for effect, but has as a central ornament a great shell more than two feet across, from which depend swags of the husk motif. Portraits of great size occupy the few wall spaces, conspicuous among them being Earl Charles' wife by Kneller. Over the mantel-piece hangs the picture of the sixth Duke presented to him by his volunteers in 1866, two years after he had published "Court and Society." West of the saloon are the rooms still called Queen Catherine's, though they were cast into the same mould as the rest of the suite by Vanbrugh. The south-west corner of the house is occupied by a little boudoir that shows a later touch, for though its coved ceiling is painted in the Verrio manner and it has a Queen Anne fireplace, over the latter we find a very elaborate gilt mirror in the Chinese manner of Chippendale. Behind the boudoir and facing west is the chapel, and here, as well as on the staircase, we

find the walls or ceilings decorated with painted scenes, as in the boudoir. Earl Charles had intended such treatment for the saloon and drawing-rooms, and engaged a painter in that manner to come home with him from Venice for the purpose. But Vanbrugh objected that a height of eighteen feet was insufficient for such treatment and proposed to "set him to work upon the hall." For some unknown reason this was not done, but the boudoir, staircase and chapel no doubt reveal his brush. The charm of the chapel lies in the gallery which runs along two sides of it. The narrow part is lit by windows facing west, and has arches looking down into the body of the chapel where the chaplain conducted the service and the retainers worshipped, while the family occupied the broad southern section of the gallery. The back wall is lined with bookcases well filled with ancient folios, in front of which stands a noble row of gilt armchairs that match, in their red brocade coverings, the cushions that are laid along the twenty-foot

length of the reading-desk.

Most of the Kimbolton bedrooms have been at one time or another redecorated and refurnished. But the King's room retains much of the appearance it presented when prepared for William III.'s occupation. The bed itself must have been a movable framework on which lay the mattresses, and it has been removed. But the great canopy and its curtains are there. The valance is heavily embroidered in gold, with the Royal crown repeated fifteen times over either the initials of the King or the emblems of England, France, Scotland and Ireland. Above this, the bold cornice of moulded wood is covered in white silk, finely embroidered in what was then called the Indian manner, that is, patterns taken from the stuffs, papers and lacquered panels imported from China by the East India Company. The curtains, of the same fine red silk velvet as the valance, are bordered with wide stretches of the same embroidery. A large, specially shaped expanse of the latter



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A BACK STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

IN THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

stands above the dado and forms the back of the bed. All this is delightful; but more interesting still is the continuation of the same two materials in panels all round the walls of the room, the silk velvet being bordered with the embroidery just as in the curtains. Chairs, stools and a cabinet of the same date form the furniture of the room. But Kimbolton, as the various illustrations have shown, is so rich in furniture of the days

beautiful Italian marble vase most just in proportion to its pedestal. The other illustration gives a presentment of the fine wrought-iron gates that open from the grounds on to the St. Neots Road. The pier to the left shows the dire action of ivy—most treacherous of growths. A few years of oversight allowed it to seize upon the top of the pier in octopus fashion, and though it has now been cut, the ruin it brought about is clearly visible. The gates themselves and the stonework of



Copyright.

THE CHAPEL GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Charles, William and Anne that it will have to be separately considered.

Enough has now been said to show how universally Earl Charles, before he became a Duke in his last years, set his mark upon the home of his ancestors. But to pile up evidence of this, two further illustrations are given. The one is of a delightful subsidiary staircase painted white and having twisted balusters and a great square newel-post, on which stands a

the piers and flanking doorways are in the early eighteenth century manner. But the medallions and swags which ornament the frieze of the piers remind one that Robert Adam was employed to design additions to Kimbolton by the fourth Duke. He, like his grandfather before him, represented his Sovereign at the Court of Versailles, and, also like him, desired to be a builder. His ideas and ambitions, however, were somewhat greater than consorted with his means, for Wraxall describes

him as "of manners affable and corresponding with his high rank, but his fortune bore no proportion to his dignity." Thus more was planned than was performed, and there is no trace of some of the more elaborate of Adam's designs, such as the decorative scheme for the dining-room. But among the architect's drawings preserved in the Soane Museum we find two for a gatehouse—one in what Adam conceived was the "Gothick taste" and one in classic style. The latter represents the extensive architectural composition with central archway that screens the forecourt from the town street. The massive rusticated coigning around its principal windows is such as Vanbrugh rather than Adam loved, and gives the idea that the later architect wished his work to be in the spirit of the man who had done so much at Kimbolton in Queen Anne's time. The drawings for the gatehouse are not dated, but will be contemporary with those for the dining-room decorations, which bear the date 1766. The designs for the stables appear in the same series, but, on the whole, the visitor leaves Kimbolton with the impression that it is the home of "Earl Charles," as he made it, furnished it and left it, that he has been privileged to see.

T.



Copyright IN THE BOUDOIR CALLED QUEEN CATHERINE'S. "C.L."

## IN THE GARDEN.

### BULBOUS AND TUBEROUS PLANTS.

**A**MONG those plants which may be fairly classed under the above heading we find some of the most beautiful of our flowers. Not only does the outdoor garden, during the greater part of the year, owe much of its charm and beauty to these kinds of plants, but our greenhouses and dwelling-houses would be devoid of much of their interest were bulbous or tuberous flowers omitted. Although the cultivation of a few genera is fairly well understood and generally undertaken on a more or less comprehensive scale, there are many families which the average gardening enthusiast has never heard of, or, if he has, the erroneous ideas which are prevalent concerning the difficulties to be encountered in growing them have deterred him from making the attempt. Yet in bulbous and tuberous plants there is a wealth of floral beauty such as we find in few other plants, beauty that is as yet comparatively neglected. In how many gardens, for instance, do we find the beautiful Belladonna Lilies, the dainty little Zephyranthes candidans, the Calochorti, Brodiaeas, or the Colchicums and Crocuses that flower in autumn? Yet all are delightful flowers, full of an indescribable charm that appeals

to every flower-lover, and all are comparatively easy to cultivate.

To an even greater extent are the bulbous and tuberous flowers of our greenhouses neglected. The beautiful little Cape Cowslips, or Lachenalias, Nerines, Crinums, Gloriosas, Gesneras, Achimenes, Oxalis, Hymenocallis and Pancratiums are a few kinds that come to mind which are only to be met with in few houses in this country, yet all are beautiful and some of them delightfully sweet.

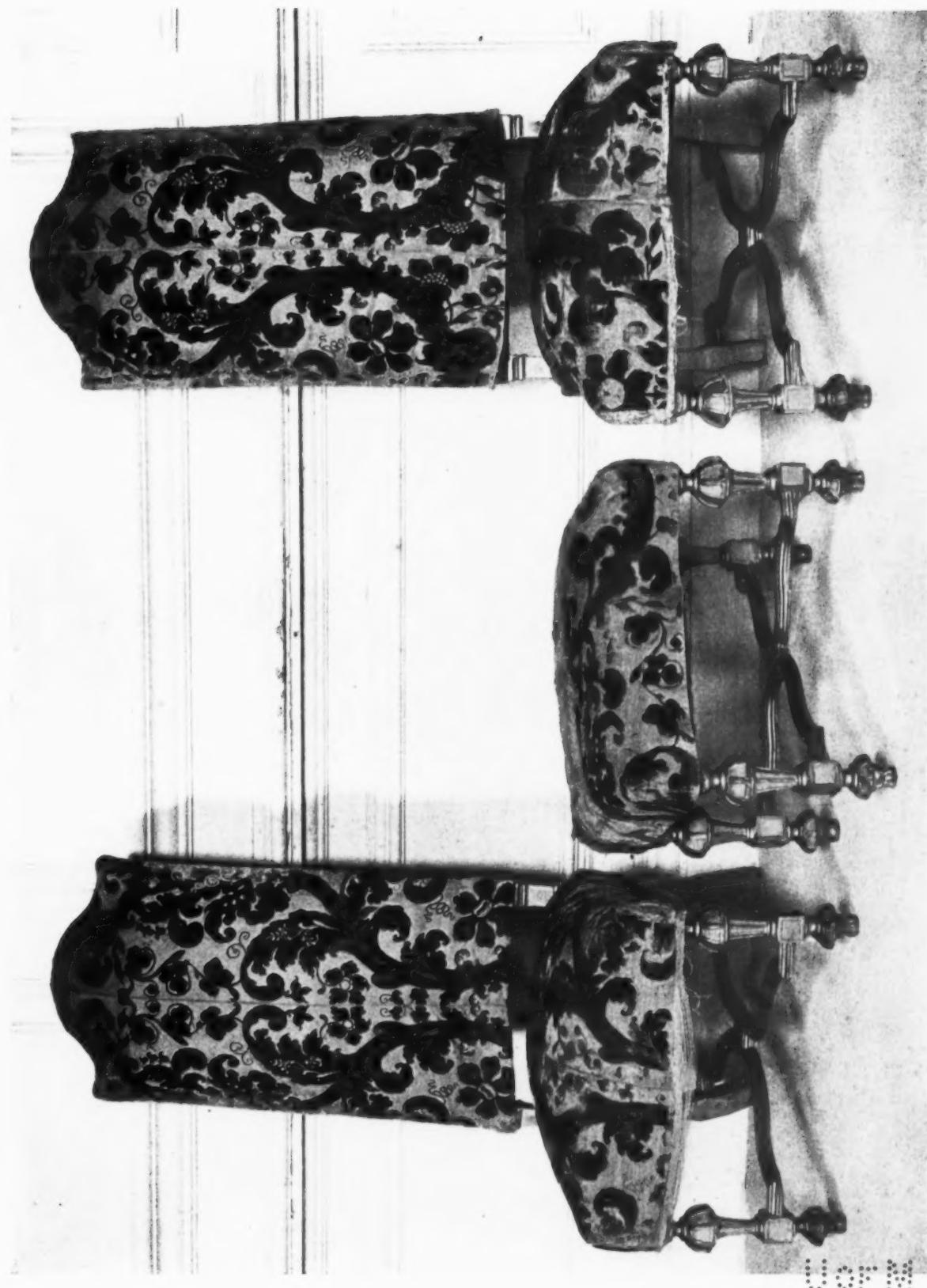
Apart from the value of these little-known bulbous or tuberous plants as they now exist, it is not being too sanguine to think that they hold enormous possibilities for the ardent hybridist. Years ago the cultivation of these comparatively rare plants was undertaken by a few enthusiasts in this country, and owing to their efforts some progress was made in popularising the plants; but in the modern craze for plants that demand little or no skill on the part of the cultivator they have been sadly neglected. It is on this account that one welcomes the large and comprehensive "Bulb Book," by John Weathers (Murray, 15s. net), which

will undoubtedly do much towards re-creating an interest in these plants and induce many to take up their cultivation. In several respects the author has given us a unique book, a cultural dictionary to every plant, or family, that can fairly be classed under its comprehensive sub-title, as well as a botanical classification and a clear description of the botanical differences between bulbs, tubers, corms and rhizomes. These parts of the book are particularly well illustrated, and although the cultivator may not think it of very great importance to distinguish the difference between the several types, the ardent student and lover of flowers will welcome such lucid information.

As indicative of the wealth of flowers that belong to one or the other of the sections, we may mention that no fewer than fifty natural orders, comprising four hundred genera, are described. As one would expect, the more important families, such as Lilies, Irises, Narcissi, Gladioli and Tulips, are dealt with more fully than those of lesser interest; but the most valuable feature of all is to be found in the short yet lucid cultural details given for the lesser-known kinds. The author, in the chapter headed "Contractile Roots," makes one curious mistake, a mistake that must have been due to forgetfulness. To quote him, "It is well known, however, that neither corms nor bulbs, no matter how many years they have been in the soil, ever come through the ground." Mr. Weathers must, in common with many other cultivators, have had occasion from time to time to cover his bulbs of *Lilium candidum*, which will always endeavour to push their way through the soil in search of the







GILT CHAIR AND STOOL OF  
WILLIAM III. PERIOD

ENGLISH FURNITURE  
of the 17th and 18th Centuries

The Property of  
THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER

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sunshine, so dear to them in their ripening period. But the book, taken as a whole, is an earnest and successful endeavour to bring before the public the merits of the great and neglected army of bulbous and tuberous plants, and should prove a valuable *vade mecum* to those who desire to grow them. It comes at an opportune time, when the planting season for most of our hardy bulbs is just commencing, and should be the means of inducing many to plant these flowers in garden, orchard and woodland.

#### A NEW HYBRID BERRY.

DURING recent years, since the introduction of the now well-known Loganberry, hybridisers of edible fruits have devoted much time and skill to the production of other and better kinds, including the black-fruited and comparatively new Lowberry, concerning which a note appeared some weeks ago. The latest addition is the Laxtonberry, a fruit said to be the result of crossing Raspberry Superlative with the Loganberry. The objection to the last-named fruit is its acidity and hard core, both of which the raisers of the Laxtonberry have succeeded in eliminating. The fruits of this berry very closely resemble, both in flavour and appearance, those of the Raspberry, while its habit of growth may be said to come midway between the two. At present the stock of this new fruit is limited, but as it becomes better known it will, no doubt, oust the Loganberry from many gardens. As it is a hybrid, the flowers are, to some extent, self-sterile, and to overcome this the raisers recommend planting it in close proximity to other members of the Blackberry family.

#### THE WHITE-FLOWERED MOUNTAIN THYME.

The wild or Mountain Thyme, *Thymus Serpyllum*, is a fairly common wild plant in England, and is a familiar sight to many during the summer months when bedecked with its myriads of tiny rose-coloured flowers. Although it is too common a plant to justify our planting it in the rock garden, there is a white-flowered variety that many consider worthy of such a position. This is named *Thymus Serpyllum album*, and is one of the greenest plants in the rock garden during late summer and early autumn. If planted so that it can roam over a damp, cool boulder of limestone, it soon forms a very dense, neat carpet of green, its slender stems and minute leaves possessing a pleasing shade of that colour. The small flowers are similar in shape to those of the type, but are pure white and opaque, imparting to a well-grown plant a quiet beauty that is difficult to describe. Although this variety never seems to emit quite such a pronounced fragrance as the type, it has a pleasant scent, a feature that should endear it to many. H.

## ENGLISH FURNITURE OF THE XVII. AND XVIII. CENTURIES.

#### FURNITURE AT KIMBOLTON.—II.

**W**HILE Vanbrugh was rebuilding the south front of Kimbolton in 1708, he expresses a hope that the Earl of Manchester—then on his second mission to Venice—"will find the apartment within worthy of the good furniture your Lordship has provided for it." From this we should naturally conclude that the very considerable number of "gold gilt" tables and sets of chairs preserved in the house belong to this date. The illustrations now given, however, will show that they are in the late seventeenth century manner, and will seem rather to have been acquired by the Earl at the time he was adding to and altering the house within the quadrangle. One set, which has lost its original coverings, has scrolled legs that are absolutely fac-similes of a walnut-wood set at Hampton Court. There, however, the stretcher is a simple flat loop, whereas at Kimbolton it is carried upwards in a sweep with somewhat elaborate carved central scrolled ornaments. A stretcher on the same general lines, but with its upper surfaces ornamented in low relief with the husk motif, is likewise found in the set of eight gilt armchairs that give so dignified a character to the chapel gallery. The long line of them appears among the illustrations of the house, but

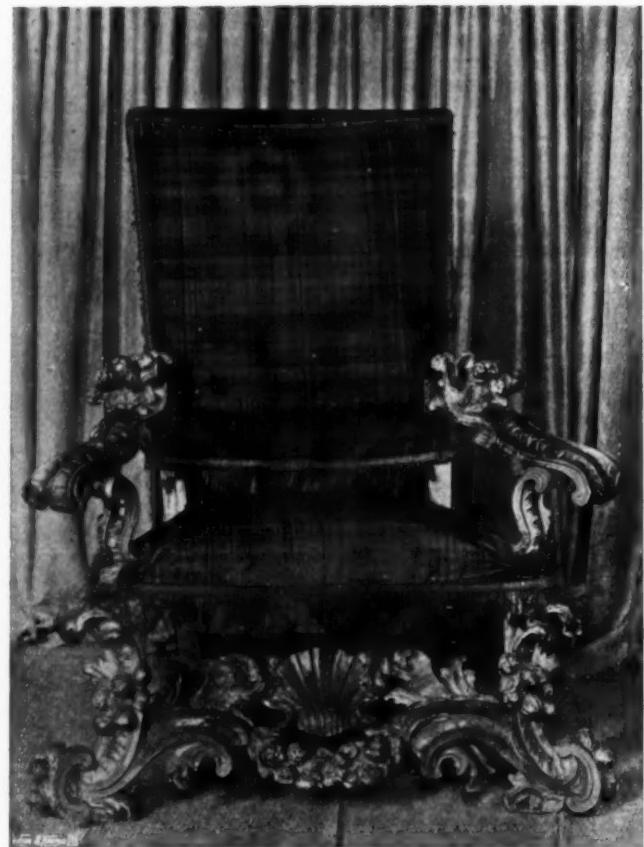


SETTEE IN SCHOOL-ROOM.



CHAIR IN CHAPEL GALLERY.

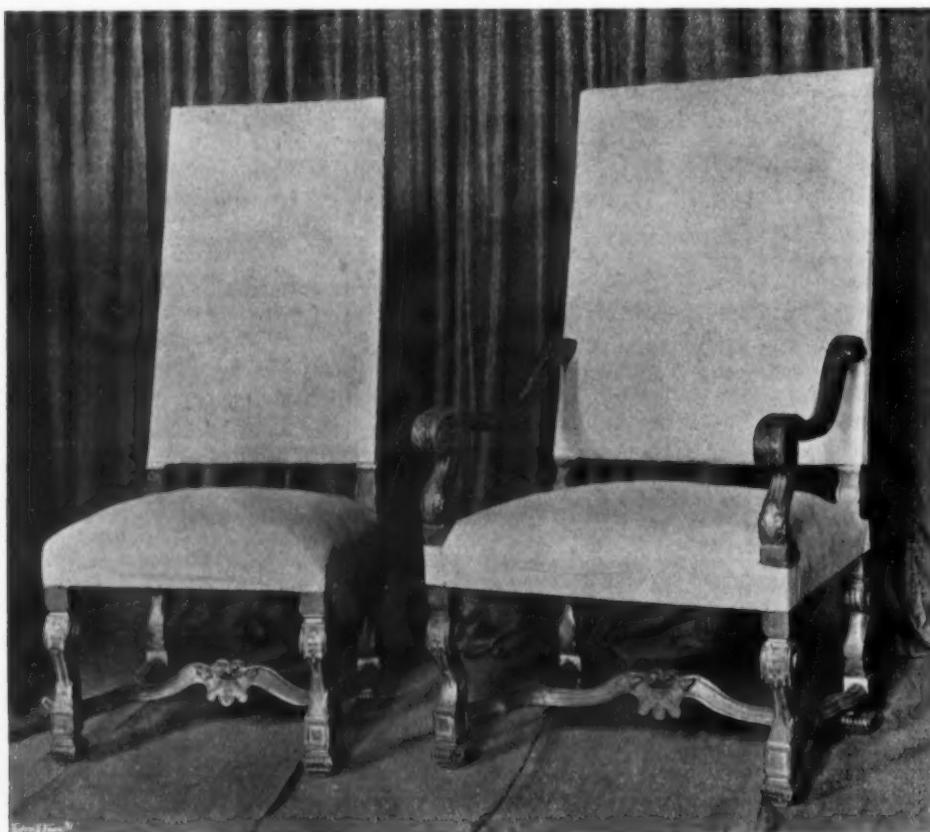
now a larger and clearer representation of a single specimen is given. Although the general form and the special detail of arms and stretchers are so similar in the two sets, the moment of transition at which they were produced is shown by the abandonment of the scroll form in the legs of the chapel set. These are quite straight, terminating at the base in a double upward twist. The richness of the work and gilding and the beauty of the crimson damask and fringes of the covering (which is also used for the great cushions on the desk in front) give a restrained sumptuousness to this set as now grouped and arranged in the chapel gallery. The stuff is much worn, but, fortunately, survives. Where it was in tatters on the upper part of the backs of the chairs a piece of plain stuff has been set over instead of stripping and renewing the whole thing, with consequent loss of interest and value. Such conservative treatment deserves the highest praise. A second, almost identical, set must have existed at Kimbolton, of which the remnant is a settee, now in the schoolroom, that no longer presents its original aspect. The gilt has gone from the framework, and a coat of white paint has been set over its battered surface. The upholstered arms have the double outward whirl that distinguishes a settee at Hornby Castle, and was not infrequent at the time. That was generally accompanied by side wings taking the same form, and a back rising in curved sweeps often shaped as two chair backs. No doubt the piece at Kimbolton was of this character, but was acephalated, very likely, at the time when the periwig gave way to powder. The furniture so far described certainly belongs in style to the closing years of Charles II. rather than to the reign of his nephew. Still, the straight leg of the chapel set shows that that characteristic of William III's. time was already in the ascendant. It takes, however, its most complete and typical form in another set, of which most of the pieces are in the room known as Queen Catherine's bedchamber, but reconstructed by Vanbrugh. Here we have, together with a tall, narrow back with curved top, straight legs and flat X stretchers of the curved variety. The legs swell out top and bottom in mushroom form, and above the square from which the stretcher springs there is a thin fluted baluster section. Two stools match the six chairs, which are four feet six inches high. They are upholstered in a cut velvet of pale sage green pattern on a yellow ground, and the window curtains are of the same. These could only have been put up after the Vanbrugh alterations were complete—that is, nearly a score of years after the probable date of the making of the chairs. The velvet, however, which is made—as was so often the case—in loose covers, may belong to the latter date and be alluded to in the Vanbrugh letters. In that case it is English, for it is Vanbrugh who writes from England to the Earl in



VENETIAN CHAIR IN SALOON.

Venice in 1708 "the velvet is to be done on Friday and great expectations there is of it." Such velvet, closely following Italian models, was then being woven in England. At the same time it is probable that the Earl was purchasing stuffs in Italy for himself as well as for the Duchess of Marlborough, who was obtaining between two and three thousand yards of velvet, silk and satin for Blenheim through him. In Italy, too, the Earl was certainly getting a certain amount of furniture, and it may be to the somewhat

monstrous gilt set—of which one is pictured—that Vanbrugh was alluding when he spoke of new furniture rather than to the English sets already described. In support of this it is to be noticed that most of the set (which is numerous) is now, and probably always has been, in Vanbrugh's saloon—a vast room he had persuaded the somewhat unwilling Earl to allow him to place in the centre of the new south front, and of which he was proud. These armchairs are huge in size, heavy in detail and frantic in form. Of course, they are very splendid, and look their best now that the gilt is much toned down and the red velvet and fringe of beautiful quality is somewhat threadbare and decayed. But they show the decline of Venetian taste as compared to that of England at the time. It was this sort of thing that Kent saw being designed and made in Italy when he was there studying. He brought home the principles of massiveness and sumptuousness, but discarded much of the exaggeration and coarseness. Those who are inclined to criticise Kent will admit the great superiority of the furniture he designed for Houghton and for Holkham to the Venetian set at Kimbolton, which, moreover, is a perfect *repoussére* to the fine forms and reticent ornamentation of the English sets with which it is associated.



IN DRAWING-ROOM.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**O**NE of the most significant announcements that have been made in the papers for a long time back is that a number of the richest men in America are engaged in getting up a fund for the purpose of organising a religious revival in the United States. The importance of this event lies in the recognition that during modern times the ideal has been practically eliminated from the life of our Western cousins. The hard, material dollar has been worshipped, and it is felt by all who think that no country can achieve greatness which has no higher aim than the amassing of worldly riches. The millionaires, in their own way, are but repeating and endorsing the ancient command to lay up treasure, not on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal, but in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal. The passage has, unfortunately, had a merely £ s. d. interpretation attached to it; but, of course, it is a doctrine of Eastern mysticism, and was pagan before it was Christian. The teaching of Marcus Aurelius was that a man should secure mental peace and tranquillity—a treasure nothing can take from him, a treasure that enables him to meet the onsets of calamity and ill-fortune with a steadfast equanimity. Now, it is extremely curious that Mme. Duclaux, an English lady, intimately connected with the most illustrious exponents of physical science in her time, and so long resident in France that she has become almost more French than the French themselves, should have been directing her thoughts to this same aspect of social evolution. We have the results in a book which she calls *The French Ideal* (Chapman and Hall). We notice that there has already been some cavilling at the title. The book is composed of four essays on Pascal, Fénelon and his Flock, Buffon in his Garden and Lamartine and Elvire respectively. Critics who have not divined what was the connecting thought between these dissertations have objected that the title has no bearing on the book. As a matter of fact, throughout these studies Mme. Duclaux has endeavoured, with all the penetration of one of the best-equipped minds of her age, to show that side of France which is opposed to materialism. Her energies appear to have been mostly concentrated on Pascal, who might truthfully be described as the greatest spiritual leader that France has produced. But the most remarkable feature about him was that his energy did not find vent in this direction only. He was one of the most versatile men of his age; one, too, who could have achieved distinction in any of half-a-dozen directions. "Pragmatist, physicist, mathematician, gentleman, inventor," Mme. Duclaux thinks he might have left a name in science equal to that of Leibnitz or Torricelli; and, in literature, "a name bathed in the very perfume of courtesy, like Sir Philip Sidney or La Bruyère." She has considered and studied him from every point of view, and will not have it that all these qualities were blended into a homogeneous character:

No; let us imagine rather a number of Pascals, each distinct, like the rays of a revolving lighthouse—mathematician, natural philosopher, fine gentleman, ascetic, revivalist, man of letters, inventor—succeeding and supplementing each other on the screen of his being, recurrent personalities, appearing and disappearing.

She has meditated over the various portraits of him as deeply as she has over his opinions. The following description might have been taken from life:

The hair, fine and soft, not very abundant, waves on the shoulders in the graceful fashion of those days. The eyes, long and yet large, with their look of candour and melancholy, of dreamy aloofness, under their arched noble brows, shed over the cold yet pleasant features their own poetic and peculiar charm. They recall the eyes of Shelley, and are such as we associate with genius of the automatic and unconscious sort—that which finds and takes, not that which seeks and wrestles: Mozart, not Beethoven; Raphael, not Michel Angelo. The nose, too long for a perfect proportion, is aquiline and proud, with distended nostrils. The lips (which in the death-mask we shall know so firm, so patient, breathing inaudibly their *secreta mea mibi!*), those lips in youth were full, pursed a little, almost pouting, in a brooding sort of smile. Sorrowful in the portrait of Domat, the smile of the portrait in the National Library has an air of pleasant impertinence, a gallant disdain, that is quite taking and agreeable, and this, we imagine, was the expression of the Pascal of 1646, a youth of twenty-three.

It is a valuable passage, because it fits in exactly with Pascal's character as revealed in his life. His serious opinions were all enlightened and made wholesome with the salt of cynicism. Mme. Duclaux sums up the teaching of the *Pensées* in the following commandments: 1. Never speak of self. 2. Never repeat what you hear. 3. Be ready to take trouble on slight occasions. 4. Be sparing of excuses and apologies, which weary at best and often inflame the offence. 5. Claim no precedence

on private or interior merits. 6. Be neither Sir Oracle nor a buffoon. 7. Be sincere. 8. Be generous. 9. Be staunch, and have the reputation of it. And then she quotes Pascal's remark to a certain young man of quality: "And if you do all this and no more than this you will certainly lose your life eternal, but at least you will be damned like a gentleman." Convincingly she traces the steps by which Pascal was drawn into religion in search of peace. On his death-bed he gave ample proof that he had attained to the treasure which neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. He bore his sufferings with a fine serenity.

Fénelon was in search of the same treasure as Pascal. Mme. Duclaux says very truly that "he thought, with Dante, 'In la sua voluntade è nostra pace,' and his one prayer was *Fiat voluntas tua!*" At times it may be thought that he pursued his end by devious ways. His mysticism led him into doctrines that might be valuable to a philosopher, but could not be employed without caution by the multitude. He lived in a curious time, that was not unlike our own in many respects, and his ideas about sin were not essentially dissimilar from those at which the scientific student of to-day has arrived. Only these judgments take very different forms. Great ecclesiastic, he was also, by temperament at least, a great poet, and he brought a boundless charity and a dreamy philosophy to his aid before he decided in his mind that things happened and they were neither right nor wrong—that sin, in a sense, was not. The scientist's summary of the matter differs in this respect, that instead of the sanction of the Unseen, he sets up the sanction of Nature. Certain acts are hurtful to the race, and therefore to be avoided; but he, too, like the mystic, regards the act as colourless in itself. Of Fénelon, Mme. Duclaux finally says, or quotes somebody who said, that his soul was a continual *amen* from the bottom of his heart, and it was this that gave him that perfect peace which passes all understanding.

The essay on Buffon is extremely interesting because it brings into activity the innumerable physical interests of the writer, but perhaps it is the one that least justifies the title "The French Ideal." The Lamartine essay is the best written of the four. It opens with a passage of fine and powerful criticism:

If Musset—the passionate and mocking Musset—stands in France for the counterpart of Byron, may we not consider Lamartine the French for Shelley? No poet has touched like these two those dim mysterious confines of the soul where the One becomes the All, and the moment is caught up into eternity. What mighty poets they would be, did not something diffuse and unreal, garrulous and negligent, deteriorate the exquisite quality of their best! They lack judgment and reason. They enchant, ravish, inspire; let us not ask them to support, direct, or control. Yet either thought himself endowed with a mission and a message to correct the miserable destinies of men. If Shelley had lived, he might well, like Lamartine, have ended as a popular tribune and political reformer—a sort of Operatic Rienzi. For they took the scene of our human activities for a Cloducuckootown, and the promptings of their humanitarian enthusiasm were doomed to remain devoid of effect.

This is much more applicable to Shelley than to Lamartine; but whoever it be applied to, it is excellent and instructive thinking.

### A PRINCESS ON HER DEFENCE.

**M**y Own Story, by Louisa of Tuscany, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. (Evelyn Nash.)

VERY great sympathy will be felt for a woman who tells a piteous tale to clear herself before the eyes of her growing children. The Princess Louisa was divorced from her husband and banished from Dresden. Her account of the proceedings that led to these events makes her out to have been the victim of many animosities. Fortunately, it is not the business of a reviewer to play the part of judge, and in any case the statement of the victim or culprit is not sufficient evidence. For this reason it was doubtful wisdom to publish this autobiography. All the same, it is easy to understand why the contents of the book are being so greedily devoured by the public and leading to endless discussion. The light thrown on the remarkable family of the Habsburg would account for that. It may at once be said that the vital interest of the story does not become manifest till towards the middle of the book. If her tongue was as biting as her pen, it is no wonder that she made enemies. Her father-in-law was Prince George, the only brother of the King of Saxony. She says: "He was an intolerable bigot, narrow-minded to a degree, and he could be a fanatic on occasion. I think he must have suffered from some kind of religious mania, for he would remain for hours prostrate before the altar, praying fervently to all his special saints. The moment, however, that he was outside the chapel he dropped his sanctity, and he never practised tolerance or forgiveness, which to my mind are the first principles of true religion." One allegation is that he suggested questions of "prurient curiosity" to be put by the priest when she was at confession. Her sister-in-law, Mathilde, was a bulky person, who led the simple life, painted pictures and kept bees. She is described as a spy. Of the land generally she writes: "The Court circle at Dresden, during the whole time I lived in Saxony, was composed of the most narrow-minded, evil-speaking, and conceited collection of human beings it is possible to imagine. I nicknamed it 'Noah's Ark,' and, indeed, some of the people with whom I came into contact might almost have been described as antediluvian." Her misfortunes are

described as due to a conspiracy on the part of these people. On the rights and wrongs of it judgment must be suspended. The literary value of the book lies chiefly in the intimate account it gives of the Court in which the ex-Princess for years filled a conspicuous part.

#### UNCLE RICHARD WAGNER.

**Family Letters of Richard Wagner**, translated, indexed, etc., by William Ashton Ellis. (Macmillan.)

A VERY pleasant side of Wagner's life is disclosed in this bundle of old letters. To many readers of the autobiography, he appeared as a man, never, indeed, doing anything without some serious object in view, but one whose only end in life was the realisation of himself. Here Wagner is brought before the reader as the youngest but one of a large family, and as the "sublime uncle" (as he once signs himself) of a number of nephews and nieces, in whom they sometimes confide more than in their parents. To Franziska Ritter he writes: "Well, how goes it Fränze? Are you coming after all, or weren't you in earnest? . . . I shan't send you my new poem: if you come you shall receive it here, and if you don't come, you won't get it at all!" And: "Play the rebel whenever you can—never swerve an inch from your conviction; and where'er you can't conquer, just laugh and be cheerful." To Clara Brockhaus, another favourite niece, he wrote, soon after his flight from Dresden: "I've heard . . . of your valorous love for myself. See, that set me all aflame and afire! I court the affection of nobody, and leave people to think what they like of me. . . . So you stick up for me? Eh, but that's fine, and in return you shall some day be with me in Paradise." The family letters provide an opportunity of knowing Wagner more familiarly and more personally than has been possible before.

#### MR. HEWLETT'S NEW BOOK.

**The Song of Renny**, by Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)

MR. HEWLETT'S new book has all the excellent qualities of romance that won his early popularity. The atmosphere is mediæval, the men characters are grim, fierce and treacherous, the women fair and daring. Stirring and dramatic events occur in a land without geographical definition. It fulfils the first object of a story by enchanting the reader's attention. The book has a creation glory; but it lacks tact. No beginning ever has been better than the picture of Sabine, a child captive in the Castle of Pikpointz. Unfortunately, the novelist, after starting the girl with queenly attributes that arouse the liveliest anticipation, lets her sink to the status of a mere drab, to be finally murdered. She is deposed from the part of leading lady in favour of a lady who, after marrying for power the melodramatic and monstrous Lord of Pikpointz, goes on to point a favourite

moral of the author by falling in love with a poet, him who sings the song of Renny. There are three women of the House of Renny, all ushered in as embodiments of the pride, will-power and despotism of a great house—*Renie pas Reini*—yet all declining to the Vale of Sentiment just as if they were middle-class young ladies of the present year of grace. Probably all this is due to Mr. Hewlett's theory, the active brain teasing the unconscious art. Mr. Hewlett fables of old things to impress a new doctrine, but it is not in the preaching but the story that you must look for his power.

#### DOLORES, MOTHER OF SORROWS.

**The Fruitful Vine**, by Robert Hichens. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THIS is the best book Mr. Hichens has written. Nothing he has yet done touches this; and a great deal of what he has done is miles away from it. Those who prefer passions in deserts, and horrors and morbidnesses, will doubtless not agree. But the fact remains that this, the setting of which is modern Roman society, is the best-balanced piece of work Mr. Hichens has yet given us. It is not entirely free from morbidity. The root idea of the story prevents it. The story deserves the criticism, if criticism it be, which is involved in its description as the tale of an obsession. It is certainly occupied—preoccupied, perhaps—with one thing only. But so was the mind of its heroine. Black is never called white in this book. The working out of broken laws is relentless and honest. Few of our modern writers, especially the cleverest, write anything worth remembering because they have forgotten that their business is not only to describe, but to interpret, and not only to tell, but to teach. Mr. Hichens has not forgotten this.

#### OVER-WEIGHTED.

**Dormant**, by E. Nesbit. (Methuen.)

ALL Mrs. Nesbit's stories have grace and charm, and all her characters have life and interest, and it is only in her events that she ever makes an error. The linking of the world of the child with the world of mysticism, in which we are all children, requires no long chain, nor does it stretch the shortest chain to snapping point. Those two worlds are close to each other; and Mrs. Nesbit is a past-mistress in the art of joining them. But with the actual everyday, workaday, grown-up world the joining is a different matter. It requires the acutest subtlety and the most careful treatment. Mrs. Nesbit's style and methods are much too simple and too direct for such a subject as she has chosen here. The beginning of the story is delightful. The group of Bohemian students, all workers and friends together, shows the author at her best. But all too soon she leaves Malacca Wharf and the student teas for titles and alchemy, and weird and wonderful secrets.

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 10\*.]

## IN THE SCOTTISH FORESTS.

**S**PLENDID sport is being obtained in the Northern forests. Owing to the peculiarly favourable weather conditions which prevailed during winter and spring, the stags began to lay on flesh very early in the summer, and in the first week of August many of them had their horns perfectly free of velvet. Stalkers did not waste much time in bringing the rifles into requisition, and some splendid animals have been accounted for. Judging from the reports which I am receiving from the various Highland preserves, the average weight of the stags which have been brought to larder is from ten to fifteen per cent. above that registered within the last few years. Curious to state, however, the antlers show no corresponding improvement. Expectations formed some months ago with respect to heads are not being realised. The horns

are disappointingly smooth and light in colour, and the "spread" is not by any means so wide as could be desired.

Strong, rough, very dark antlers are somewhat rare. The heaviest stag brought down up to the moment of writing was a magnificent royal secured in Aros Woods, Island of Mull, by Mr. Bryce Allan, jun., of Aros, which turned the scales at twenty-six stone three pounds clean. Never before, so far as I am aware, was a stag of equal weight shot in any Hebridean forest. Among the hinds calving was highly successful, and the preserves show an unusually fine crop of calves. In view of the great abundance of these youngsters, it will be necessary to shoot down both stags and hinds more closely than is customary, in order that over-stocking may be avoided. A greater mistake can scarcely be made than to spare more animals than the grazing area can fairly accommodate.



A STAG ROARING.

At this time of year the usual discussions are being carried on as vigorously as ever in the smoking-rooms where shooters assemble. Not very much progress seems to result from the long arguments. It is still a moot question whether red deer are a decadent or a flourishing race. Every now and then a splendid deer is killed, like that which has been mentioned, but the hopes and arguments founded on the fact are dashed aside by those who take refuge in the average. Now it is impossible to obtain a real average, either for the present year or for the past, as, unfortunately, the measuring of not to say all the deer, but of a considerable portion of them, is impracticable, and those that are killed are for the most part the best of the herd, although their extra weight is counterbalanced by the lightness of the wasters that are thinned out. I am afraid, therefore, that this is an open question. So is that of feeding. Very good results have been obtained by those who feed generously, and yet there are facts which tell in favour of those who refrain from feeding, so that this, too, is a problem which still awaits a final and unquestionable answer. Happily, the stalker goes on his way, interested in these matters, it is true, but not allowing them in the slightest degree to interfere with his enjoyment. And the artist, Mr. Armour, has been very successful in obtaining vivid pictures



GETTING A STAG DOWN TO THE PONY

of critical stages of the sport. The loading of the deer, or rather the loading of the pony with the deer, will be taken as a simple incident; but it is an act that awakens the admiration of those who look at it from the outside, though it may be simple enough to the adept. Anyone who considers the character of the ground in which a stag is usually shot and



LOADING UP

the rough nature of the journey that the pony has to make with it homeward must be well aware that the loading must be excellently done not to come to grief, and yet very seldom does

a carcase get unfixed. Mr. Armour himself writes that he has never seen this happen, although on one occasion a young and spirited pony tried its very best to get rid of the load. D.

## ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### MR. HILTON ON AMERICAN GOLF.

**I**T will be interesting to see what Mr. Hilton on his return, or even before, may have to say of the golf and golfers of the United States. Mr. "Chick" Evans has delivered himself of impressions of the golf and golfers here in handsome terms that give every satisfaction, and there are all reasons, including the strong one of his success, for believing that Mr. Hilton's remarks on America will strike the same note. Already he has said something of the grit and skill shown by the young American golfers who were his chief opponents. One of the points that we shall most wish to hear him discuss is that question, which still seems to be an open one, whether the golf ball goes farther through the American than through the British air. There are those who are ready to swear by every god known to them that it does so; others who believe this faith to be no more than a delusion. It is in the company of the sceptics that I have to reckon myself, for I could not see, on any course that I have played on there, that the ball carries farther than it does on this side. And that is in accord with all the probabilities. What is also in accord with probability, and what I believe to be no delusion but a true faith, is that the ball will travel farther through the air at very high altitudes. With the less atmospheric pressure this again seems likely.

### ON THE NATIONAL GOLF LINKS OF AMERICA.

The formal opening of the club-house on what is now called the National Golf Links of America (I notice that they have abandoned, as unworthy of the great occasion, the name National Golf Course) took place last week, and was celebrated by a tournament and a scoring competition, in which latter Mr. Herreshoff won the scratch medal with a score of 84. It is stated in the report, by way, as it seems, of some apology for the scores, that this is a very difficult course and open to severe winds, lying as it does on the edge of Long Island, on the great Peconic Bay. Very bold undulations are its characteristics, with greens often set up high. They are shrewdly bunkered, and since play has not been in process very long, it is likely that the "rough" is still rather wild and woolly at the sides of the course, so that we easily find excuse, if any is wanted, for scores of over 80, which seem large in these latter days, though we may remember a time when they would have been wonders of littleness."

There is sand under the soil, yet it is just a slight stretch of language to call the place "links." Still, there is no need to quarrel about it. In any case, I think it to be the best course (or links) in all America. I wonder what Mr. Hilton will say. Mr. Hilton has, in one respect, more reason than Mr. Evans to be satisfied with his trip across the ocean. He has accomplished not only the great thing that he went for—the winning of the amateur championship—but has also won that tournament just spoken of at the National Links, beating Mr. Evans himself in the final. It seems that Mr. Evans fought him well. Three up and two to play—I gather that the match was of thirty-six holes—is not a bad beating. Moreover, the players were all even with only five to go, and it appears that Mr. Evans had ill-fortune.

### NAIRN RE-VISITED.

It is always amusing to re-visit a course that you have not seen for some time. The changes that Art and Nature have made are interesting to see. It

has happened to me lately to have this interest in re-visiting Nairn. There, as usual, is the old familiar complaint, "So-and-so"—in the case of Nairn the culprit is Braid—"has been here and recommended them to make bunkers everywhere; the course is full of traps." The innocents who complain thus forget, or never knew, that these bunkers are only put in as a quite partial and inadequate substitute for the whins which have been worn away. They talk as if the latter state of the course was more hazardous than of old, whereas the true state of the case is very much indeed the reverse. It is so on all courses, from St. Andrews down the scale, where bunkers have been dotted in to take the place of the vanished whins. For the rest, this Nairn is as charming as ever, easier than it used to be, just because the whins have gone and the bunkers only inadequately replace them, a constant delight to the eye of the sea and landscape lover as the player goes out along the shore of the beautiful Moray Firth, a delight to the bird-lover, for its shores and its waters have unusually many kinds of

wading and aquatic birds about them, and if that is not enough, there are the battle-ships and the destroyers, whose guns make all the windows rattle in the houses of the town. Golfing-life is not so strenuous at Nairn as it is at St. Andrews, but surely it is very pleasant, and perhaps not altogether the less pleasant because not quite so strenuous.

### "ANDREW" OF ST. ANDREWS.

We shall not go far amiss, as golfing estimates go, if we say that Andrew Kirkaldy is the finest golfer who has never won the open championship. Very near it he has come, but the truth is that, though he has done well in this and in many less important scoring competitions, match play is Kirkaldy's game. After all, is it not the real game? No man of all the professional brotherhood can show a better record in matches; no man, hardly Harry Vardon at his greatest, was worse feared as an opponent. It is the more to his credit to play thus finely, seeing that for a while he forsook the game, and did not play it at all just in those years which are most crucial in the making of the game of most men. He took part during that interval in a more fiery game, and we hear of him in the forefront of the battle at Tel-el-Kebir. If he has not been champion, he has attained a position in golf certainly not inferior to it in dignity, succeeding "Old Tom" Morris as resident professional engaged by the Royal and Ancient Club.

Crisp and brief in his strokes—he has the shortest swing, not excepting Taylor, of the great players—his wit is crisper still and with a like convincing brevity. There is no shrewder judge of golf and golfers. H. G. H.

### NEXT WEEK'S TOURNAMENT.

Next week will see the thirty-two selected champions take the field at Walton Heath in the *News of the World* Tournament. We shall sadly miss Taylor and Tom Ball, who fell by the wayside in the qualifying competition, and Duncan, who will, I fancy, still be in America; but even so, there will be an abundance of fine golf and golfers to be seen. From 1903, when it was founded, till 1908 this tournament provided a particularly happy hunting-ground for the elder champions, one or other of whom always won. The final was often enough one between youth and age, such as the match between Herd and Mayo at Hollinwell or that most memorable struggle between Taylor and Robson at the Old Deer Park; but age was invariably victorious. Then, at last, in 1909



ANDREW KIRKALDY.

the positions were reversed, for youth, in the shape of Tom Ball, gave age, personified by Herd, a most unmerciful drubbing. Last year things came to a worse pass still; Braid did not qualify, and Taylor, Vardon and Herd all disappeared before the semi-final, the last four left in being, if my memory is to be trusted, Sherlock, Duncan, Hughes and Bannister. People began to say that youth would be served; but, behold, in this year's open championship it was once more relegated to what age doubtless considers its proper place. So now what is going to happen in this year's tourney? It will be particularly interesting to see. There are two, presumably, young gentlemen from the Western Section, and two or three from the Midlands, who may prove to be the new discoveries of 1911; but there is Vardon in all the glory of a regained championship, and Braid upon his own course—terrible obstacles in the way of the most impetuous youth.

## A NEOLITHIC GUTTY.

A day or two ago I was given a rare and valuable present, to wit, one gutty ball. This particular gutty was picked up in the wildest part of Dartmoor. What it was doing there, goodness knows; possibly Neolithic man practised

his driving on Dartmoor at the same time as he built his stone dwellings there. It is very black and dirty, and has no name upon it; but its marking rather suggests that of the "Ocobo." Needless to say, it is as hard as a stone. Nevertheless, I have discovered in chipping on the lawn that this flinty old derelict possesses some properties which are denied to the newest of half-crown balls, despite their rubber cores. I knew that it had been said that the gutty is the better ball for an abrupt loft, and so I determined to hold a lofting competition between my Dartmoor gutty and a rubber-cored ball. My system was that of pitching the ball through the fork of an apple tree, beginning at comparatively long range and approaching nearer and nearer, so that finally the loft was a very steep one indeed, and failure entailed some risk of the ball bounding playfully off the tree trunk into the player's eye. The gutty won this competition hands down, clearing its jump comfortably from a distance which utterly defeated the rubber core, despite my most desperate efforts with a heavily-lofted niblick. I am afraid no practical value belongs to this experiment, but it is pleasant that the poor Neolithic gutty can still do something better than its supplanter.

B. D.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## PHYSICAL TRAINING IN SCHOOLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I was greatly pleased to notice in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE an interesting article on physical training. Having for a number of years trained teachers and students and superintended the physical training in the infant schools in one of our largest cities, I can speak from experience of the great necessity of giving the subject of physical training an important place in our school curriculum. That exercise is necessary for the growing child no one, I think, will now deny. The question arises, what kind of exercise is beneficial? Games are of great value, not only because of the pure enjoyment that they afford, but because of the mental qualities which they help to develop, such as a feeling of *esprit de corps*, co-operation, endurance, etc. Games taken in moderation by normally healthy children are always good; but they are not sufficient. They will never by themselves prevent and correct bad postures, e.g., round shoulders, flat chest and crooked spine, caused by the unnatural life enforced by the conditions of school and home. Young children living a healthy, natural, outdoor life at home, grow up straight as a lath, and require no systematic exercise; but send these same children to school where the greater part of their day is spent at a desk, and you will find that unless they have systematic exercise, the round shoulders and crooked spines will begin to appear almost immediately. Everything depends, of course, upon how the exercises are done and under what conditions. Unless a teacher thoroughly understands the object of each exercise much harm may result. In the old systems of physical training no thought was given to the object and effect of the exercises on the child's body; so long as a big, bulky biceps was produced, and wonderful feats could be performed on the trapeze and horizontal-bar, etc., the teachers were content. That was almost wholly due to the fact that the teaching of physical training was left to men and women who were uneducated and quite ignorant of the laws which govern the human body. The introduction of a scientific system of physical training into our country and schools was due to the efforts of Mme. Bergman Osterberg, who a number of years ago founded a college for the purpose of training educated women to teach the Swedish system of gymnastics. The Swedish system is recognised as being the only really scientific system that exists. It is called the Swedish system because it was a Swede, Peter Henrick Ling, who first realised the importance of having gymnastic exercises based on scientific principles. The object in this system is to develop harmony between mind and body, this, of course, implying that the movement must be in accordance with the laws to which the human organism is subject—to develop each part of the body in relation to the whole, an important point which receives very little attention in a great many other systems. In other systems the tendency is to over-develop one part of the body at the expense of other parts. The over-developed part is generally the shoulders, and the reason for this is, the taking of too many arm movements and the excessive use of such apparatus as heavy dumb-bells, horizontal-bar, parallel-bars, etc. This over-development causes an appearance of round shoulders, a feature so noticeable in German gymnasts. No movement must be introduced which tends to have an injurious effect upon the heart or lungs. Age, sex and individual capacity must be taken into consideration, and the movements must above all be progressive.—A. REID, Glasgow.

## THE BOTTOM FISHER'S ENEMY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—The attentions of small jack of from one to four pounds are sometimes a serious nuisance to the angler. One perhaps experiences this trouble in its worst form when roach-fishing. If the angler is swimming the gentle, he can hardly avoid hooking small fish every now and then, especially gudgeon. If there are any jack about, and a cold night has made them hungry, they come into the swim in search of the small fry which have been attracted in numbers by the ground-bait. I lately had the annoying experience of having my fine roach tackle cut three times by jack in the same afternoon. Once a jack of about two and a-half pounds, though not actually hooked, held on to a gudgeon which had taken my gentle with such determination that I nearly got the landing-net under him. Soon after he took another gudgeon and bit my gut through with his sharp teeth. Sometimes I have turned the tables by looping a hook on stout gut or gimp on to my roach bottom, and attaching thereto my last-caught gudgeon. A three-pound jack under these circumstances gives the fisherman some sport on his fine gear. Jack also will often take the bait intended for other fish. When perch-fishing with brandlings I have often hooked jack. Twice have I had a paste bait taken. Occasionally, also, they will seize that most diminutive of all baits, the single gentle. Larger jack, as everyone knows, will eat birds, rats, etc. I have myself known of a moorhen, which had fallen after being shot into a Scotch loch, being taken down by a pike. The small jack exhibit their bulldog ferocity by the way they will come again and again at the same bait if snatched away and then again presented. I have pulled a jack to the surface, eventually tearing the gudgeon which he had hold of

## WHITE SWALLOWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—The interesting letters on white swallows which appeared in your columns last week have induced me to draw attention to some observations some time ago recorded by the Hon. Walter Rothschild. Briefly, in the summer of 1891 a pair of normally-coloured swallows in the town of Aylesbury hatched out a brood of four white birds. The following year the same pair reared one white bird out of an otherwise normal brood. In 1893 they produced two white and three normal young, and in 1894 two white young and two normally-coloured birds. Another nest in the same town, during the summer of 1894, also contained two white and two normally-coloured young; and Mr. Rothschild believes that this pair were descendants of the original pair. In 1895 this second pair produced two broods. The first consisted of three white and two normal birds, the second containing but one white young, the rest of the brood being normal. Thus, in this town, during four years no fewer than fifteen white birds were produced; but it is significant to note that none of these white birds returned to the place of their birth.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

## TO CLEAR OUT HOUSE-FLIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—The only way in which to keep a house free from flies is to wash all window and door frames, both in spring and autumn, with strong carbolic acid, and, indeed, all corners and crevices should be washed in the same manner. This destroys the eggs. Furthermore, there should be nothing in the dustbin but dust. All *débris* can, and should, be burned every night, last thing, in the kitchen stove. I always have this done, and in consequence never see a fly. Stray flies are kept out of the house by placing oil of verbena about in saucers. I am often astonished to see what people will put in their dustbins—potato peels, lichen and cabbage leaves and other garbage. All this, of course, breeds flies, and I cannot conceive why folk cannot burn such rubbish. Indeed, much is cast into the dustbin that could be used had the ordinary housewife or her servant the thought of a French peasant!—J. E. PANTON.

## ROBIN DOWN A COAL-PIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—One of the most pleasant bird stories I know has been told me lately about a robin living as a pet down a coal-pit in Derbyshire. The owner saw the bird there one day when he was down the pit. The bird was taking its share of the colliers' dinners, and was described to be "as tame as a dog." Apparently it would let itself be handled, and was a great pet with the men. It seemed, however, to one who spoke with authority, that it was unkind on the bird that it should be kept thus nearly a thousand feet below the sunlight; therefore the edict went forth that the bird should be brought up and released. This accordingly was done, but the very next day the robin was found yet again a thousand feet down in the bowels of the earth in the very same part of the pit, enjoying its crumbs from the men's dinners. How had it got there again? That was the question, and it remains an unanswered question still. It has been guessed that the bird perched on the cage or lift when it went down, and so descended with it; it has been conjectured that, seeing it was "as tame as a dog," one of its human friends whistled to it and took it down again. But no one has ever confessed to doing so. And there the bird lives and evidently enjoys its life. It is the life that it likes best, apparently, and to release it in the upper air is no kindness to it at all. And certainly the men like to have it there among them and to make a pet of it. If the threatened coal strike should occur, it is not at all likely that the bird will be forgotten.—H. G. H.

## THE LATEST CUCKOO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—In reply to your correspondent in COUNTRY LIFE for September 16th, I heard a cuckoo calling distinctly in trees close to me on July 4th, 1907. This is the latest date I have entered in my notebooks.—CARRIE PERCIVAL-WISEMAN.

## DOGS AND VERMIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Your correspondent "L. W." will find that regular brushing and combing is the best remedy for fleas in dogs. Washing is of little avail. All dogs intensely dislike being washed, but most of them enjoy the daily brushing, followed by the careful use of a comb to remove the fleas. Dogs sleeping in kennels where straw or hay is used for bedding will always be troubled with fleas. It is best to substitute dry shavings, such as are used for packing purposes. I have found this most satisfactory.—E. B.

## A CURIOUS GRAPE VINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending this grape, as we have every year some of the same size and they seem rather curious. Besides this, we are told that it is unusual for a Black Hamburg vine to produce some fifty or sixty bunches of good size grapes (specimens enclosed) grown in a draughty greenhouse without any artificial heat. They can be seen here now, and it was the same last year, when there was very little sun.—C. ORD, Beverley Lodge, Colchester.

[The very large berry sent for opinion is quite abnormal—to use an unscientific term it would be called a freak. It is the terminal berry of a bunch, or shoulder of a bunch, and it represents the union of two or more berries under one covering, hence its exceptional size and unusual shape. The malformation must have taken place when the berries were small, undeveloped ovaries. This fusion of characters, or fasciation, is fairly common in plants under cultivation, one of the best-known examples being the case of the common foxglove, in which the terminal flower, instead of being one-sided and pendulous as in the normal inflorescence, is sometimes seen as a vertical and symmetrical flower, resembling an upright Canterbury bell. The grapes under notice form an analogous case. Fasciation has long been a much-discussed subject, but so far its cause is not known. Usually, however, it accompanies high cultivation and over-feeding. We have seen other instances this season in Black Hamburg grapes, but so far as we know this variety is not prone to fasciation. The number of bunches that a vine will carry is regulated by the size, age and condition of the vine. In the case of vines grown on single rods, five or six bunches would be considered a fair crop; but when grown on the extensive system, as in the case of the Black Hamburg vines at Hampton Court and Cumberland Lodge, there is no reason why the vines should not grow as many hundred bunches. Black Hamburg is a variety of strong constitution, and therefore least susceptible to diseases. Good crops are often obtained in unheated greenhouses.—ED.]

## A REMARKABLE FALL.

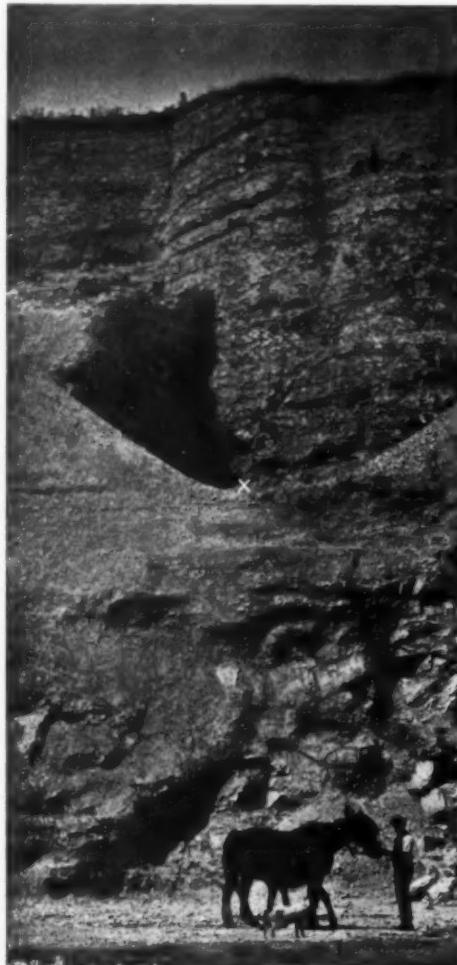
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A horse owned by Mr. Barker of Jevington, Sussex, fell, three weeks before foaling, from the top of the cliff seen in the photograph on to a ledge about thirty-five feet below (indicated by a cross), and from there, with great difficulty, had to be brought down about another fifty feet. The most remarkable feature is that the horse was not injured in any way whatever, and three weeks later it had a young one. In the photograph Mr. Barker is seen with the mare and foal and his favourite dog.—G. WEISE.

## "OLD SALLY'S SHOP."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The writer in COUNTRY LIFE for September 16th talks of a later date than fifty or sixty years ago. I have known fully half-a-dozen village "goody shops," and all of them were kept by "Sallys" whose other name in nearly every case was "Sally Goody" to the village children. Since then it has come



A MARE'S FALL.

## SOWING MYRTLE SEED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would tell me the best time of year to sow myrtle seed. Should it be sown out of doors, in a greenhouse, or with bottom-heat? Is there any other way of propagating myrtle?—A. E. TATE.

[The common myrtle, *Myrtus communis*, its variety are usually propagated by means of cuttings. These can be made now from young, firm shoots about three inches long, these to be slipped off the old wood with a sort of "heel." After removing the lower leaves, plant them firmly, rather more than an inch deep, in well-drained pots filled with sandy loam and a little fine peat. A pot five inches in diameter would take about five or six cuttings. The pots should then be plunged in cocoanut fibre in a cool greenhouse, and each one covered with a bell-glass. Water will not be needed very frequently. When rooted, the cuttings can be potted up separately into small pots and grown in the usual way. The raising of myrtle from seeds would be a slow and tedious process. Seeds

should be sown in small, well-drained pots or pans in autumn or spring, preferably the latter season, and these should be stood on ashes in a cold frame or cool greenhouse. Use the same kind of soil as advised for cuttings, and only slightly cover the seeds.—ED.]

## YOUNG JAPAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The very beautiful photograph which accompanies this letter was taken by Mr. J. Matsuoka. It shows Japanese school-children engaged in a "merry round and ring," a kind of Oriental "Here we go round the mulberry bush."—E. A. S.



A MERRY ROUND.

to me that all these keepers of "goody shops" were called "Sally" because one and all sold the buns called "Sally Lunn." A few shops still remain in certain country places, and in them are the old "sweets" of sixty years ago hard by the modern cream chocolate and other "spices," as they are now called, though, in my young days, the name "spice" was kept to such things as nutmegs, ginger and pepper. The main features and enticements of the "Sally Goody" shop were bull's-eyes, "leather lozenges," sugar candy, fennits, diamond in shape; a certain sweet stamped with a fireplace on one side, a castle on the other; acid drops, aniseed balls, sugar-sticks and barley sugar, the last two kept in deep glass jars. Children had not much choice in the buying of sweets, and Spanish juice was looked upon as "a cold cure" only. A bit of rock chocolate could be bought for a penny, and there were packets of a soluble cocoa, sweet if somewhat gritty, at twopence, for which children put their "ha'p'nyhs" together and then divided. This was the forerunner of the cream and other chocolates of the present time. There was, however, nothing to equal the home-made "blackbaw," a compound of treacle, sugar and flour, while a special and homely sweet was a mother's-made packet of oatmeal and sugar mixed, which was given to us to eat in playtime at school or on the way home, when we sat on a primrose and violet bank to enjoy it as we watched in the roadside pond tadpoles turning into frogs.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.